

## NEVERLAND

By Alan Barnes

My name is Alan Barnes, and I don't know what I'm doing.

I was reminded of this enduring truth most recently by my mother. Having heard the first half of *Neverland* – 'I'm sure it 's all terribly clever,' she said, disarmingly – she picked up on the 'metal forest' scene, where Charley first meets and gets menaced by the Never-people. 'Burnham Beeches!' she exclaimed, recognising the incident I'd dredged up from my childhood and prostituted for the sake of *Doctor Who*'s latest thrilling adventure in time and space. 'Poor thing, you must have been terrified!'

Well, I was. It was exactly how Charley describes it – six or seven, family outing, wandered off into the woodland, found myself alone, started running, calling out, run further, got more and more lost. Probably the first and only time I've ever experienced blind panic – literally unable to see the wood for the trees. Write what you know, the textbooks say, and I was quietly chuffed by how well the scene came across on the finished disc – how much of my remembered terror was there.

'What *did* those boys do to you?' she continued.

I beg your pardon? I just got lost, didn't I? At least, tha-

'Don't you remember?' she asked. 'Really? You know, with the monsters doing the chasing, and the bit when they catch up with her?'

It turns out that what actually happened was, I was brought out of the forest they'd later use as the location for *State of Decay* by two rough-looking teenage boys. I'd been lost for about twenty or thirty minutes, apparently. The boys said they'd found me crying, and my grateful father had given them a pound note – a lot of money in those days – for their trouble. Only the thing was, on the way out an hour or so later, my mother had seen the same two boys presenting another 'lost' child to vastly relieved parents – parents who, like mine, were only too happy to show their gratitude by opening their wallets.

What these boys were up to, she reckoned, was deliberately chasing children through the woods, getting them lost in order to get rewarded when they led the sobbing tot back to safety some time later. 'I tried to get you to tell me what had happened to you in there,' she said, 'but you wouldn't say a single word about it.' And I can honestly say that I've got no recollection whatsoever of two rough looking older boys in there with me – I must have blanked it from my mind. My *conscious* mind, at least, because listening back to *Neverland* now I can hear that I've written about not just being lost, but about being menaced by strange, scary children in the woods. 'Memories fade, but the scars still linger,' as Tears For Fears put it.

All of which means that I find myself slightly wary of writing about how *Neverland* came to be. For years now, I've been writing books and features confidently attributing this or that film, or book, or play as the source for this or that hit of this or that script; when my first *Doctor Who* audio, *Storm Warning*, came out, I was appalled, really, to see reviews and so on claiming that scene *x* was clearly a swipe from film *y* – a film I'd never ever *heard* of, let alone seen. This is known as getting a taste of your own medicine; the boot being on the other foot, etc. I even got a terribly earnest letter from a religious-minded chap pointing out how the three sides of the Triskele race were actually a metaphor for the Holy Trinity, and complimenting me for writing a play about how intellectual advancement is nothing in the absence of God (or something). Er...

That 's the trouble with this writing lark: once you let your words run free, you lose any and all control over their interpretation (assuming, of course, that you knew exactly what it was you were doing in the first place). For me, *Storm Warning* (was about the end of the British Empire, and those valiant adventurers and I entrepreneurs of the early years of the last century who fought against reason to keep the flame burning in every sphere of achievement: like Scott in the Antarctic, or Mallory and Irvine on Everest, or the passengers on the *Titanic*, or the whole generation of boys who willingly gave their lives for Flanders mud. The *R101* airship, it struck me, was the very last of these terrible and magnificent endeavours. And yet still people bang on about how Charley calls herself an 'Edwardian Adventuress', when Edward VII had been dead for twenty years. It *must* have been a mistake... mustn't

it?

*Neverland*, on the other hand, is about dying young; it's about how we remember those who are lost before their time. My daughter, Isabella, died the day she was born. It wasn't long after Isabella that I started on the story that turned into *Neverland*, and it became very obvious to me in the course of things that I was writing about what had happened to me, to *us* – not writing about Isabella directly, but certainly about my grief, and dealing with my anger. Before I really knew it subconsciously, again – I'd constructed a story about a girl whose short time is borrowed, who can never grow up, and about the forgotten children of Gallifrey who are using her as a means to revenge themselves on the living.

Like Charley says, we measure our lives in love – and I was writing about how we can only grieve for the times we *have* had, not for those times we've been denied. I was also writing a *Doctor Who* story, and once I'd realised where a lot of *Neverland* was coming from, I was tempted to withdraw completely, to write something less personal – but if you're not going to write from within yourself, from the heart, you may as well not bother writing at all.

So there you have it – that's where all those long, long dialogues between Charley and the Doctor came from, where the scene in which Romana meets the childhood friends she can't remember originated. There's more to *Neverland* than that, and I hope it functions as an exciting adventure story, too. Looking back at the script now, it seems to me that the only bit where I'm preaching got cut for time that's' midway through Part Three, where Vansell exchanges Romana for Rassilon's casket and Romana tells him, and the listener, how she believes the world works. It's a bloody good speech, it balances out the Romana/Vansell dynamic, and Lalla Ward delivered it beautifully in studio – but for all that, it's me talking, I think.

I guess I should explain about the cuts. There were quite a few, as you'll see, and still the damn thing filled two CDs. I thought, when I delivered it, that *Neverland* was slightly over-length – four half-hour episodes, rather than 25 minute ones. This was, as it turned out, a spectacular miscalculation. There are a lot of long, earnest and involved speeches in *Neverland*. There isn't much snappy dialogue. Speeches take longer: performers slow down, chew the words a bit, make the most of what they've got. The *Neverland* script was only ten pages or so longer than the *Storm Warning* script, but that's not a reliable guide.

So stuff had to go – cliffhangers and reprises first, hence the two-part format of the finished play. The first cliffhanger was brilliant because it was a blatant crib from one of Scott Gray's *Doctor Who Magazine* comic strips – I swiped it from an episode of *Ground Zero* (sorry, Scott). The third was a bit rubbish – virtually identical to *Storm Warning* Part Three - so no loss there. Looking back at my original outline, I see that I'd intended for the cliffhangers to be the Anti-Charley appearing on the command deck of the Time Station (Part One) and the Time Station launching on its way back to Gallifrey, leaving the Doctor and Romana behind (Part Three). My timing was going awry, even then.

Another big cut comes in Part One, where the Doctor sees a battle-ravaged future Gallifrey inside the Matrix. There's a whole scene set inside a field hospital here, with the Doctor being forced to donate unused lives to help regenerate the Imperatrix's fallen troops. It's a slightly cheesy idea, and I'm not sure I like it. All these Gallifrey scenes were leftovers from an abandoned first draft storyline, which had an amnesiac Doctor waking up in a hospice in Gallifrey's past, like Ralph Fiennes in *The English Patient*. It was called *The Web of Time* at this stage, and the Doctor was known only as 'Puzzle' – a nod to C.S. Lewis's *The Last Battle*, because there's a huge, Armageddon-like war raging in the background. At this stage, I'd convinced myself that the world was ready for the *Doctor Who* equivalent of the *Book of Revelutions*. It wasn't.

If you thought the plot of *Neverland* was convoluted, then *The Web of Time* was something else – it had Romana sending Battle-TARDISes into Rassilon's era, because she's been convinced that all of Gallifreyan history is a sort of Ouroboric loop beginning and ending with a war with an entity known as Zagreus (which, as in the finished thing, is all an elaborate con-trick...or is it?). I decided that the Gallifrey setting was inessential – it had all been done before, and better, in books like Marc Platt's *Time's Crucible*. Marc's character, the Pythia, was involved in this draft – she had the Juliette Binoche role, playing the nurse who the Doctor is telling his story to. I like the fact that *Neverland* is now a Time Lords story, not a Gallifrey story. It's weird how fans talk about 'Gallifrey stories' when

we don't talk about 'Skaro stories' or 'Telos stories' - the Time Lords are really interesting, but their planet is actually very, very dull. The whole point of the Doctor running away from Gallifrey in a stolen TARDIS is that it's the most boring place in the universe.

You'll probably see lots of other little cuts here and there – nips and tucks, really. The only thing I do regret losing was a significant little fig-leaf of exposition at the end of Part Three where the Anti-Charley, Sentris, explains exactly what the 'planetoid' that the action takes place on actually *is*. There's a plot hole left gaping without it!

*Neverland* is a very strange story – the villain doesn't appear until the final scene for a start (and for most of the length of the play, he doesn't exist at all). I'd like to think that it goes into places that *Doctor Who* normally doesn't – although, that said, I can only agree with Dave Owen's comment in his *Doctor Who Magazine* review, in which he said that *Doctor Who* shouldn't be like this *all* the time. I can't honestly believe that it'll be as exciting to read as it is to listen to- I'm very fortunate to have had performers of the calibre of India Fisher, Paul McGann, Lalla Ward and Don Warrington to bring it to life. Also, if you compare the printed page to the disc, you'll notice that the editing and sound design were truly exceptional; I got away with what might, very easily, have been a total disaster from beginning to end.

All the same, it's not usual for a script to still be revealing its secrets to its author nearly two years after he wrote it. I told you, I don't know what I'm doing, but I do know that there's definitely something special going on in *Neverland*. And maybe, like that Burnham Beeches scene, I'll discover more that's buried in there, as time goes by.

# NEVERLAND

## CAST

THE DOCTOR	Paul McGann
CHARLEY	India Fisher
ROMANA	Lalla Ward
RASSILON	Don Warrington
MATRIX VOICES	Jonathan Rigby Dot Smith Ian Hallard
CO-ORDINATOR VANSELL	Anthony Keetch
KURST	Peter Trapani
LEVITH	Holly King
EMPEROR	Alistair Lock
UNDER-CARDINAL	Lee Moone
RORVAN	Mark McDonnell
TARIS	Nicola Boyce

# PART ONE

## 1. THE MATRIX

*(FX: STRANGE, ECHOING AMBIENCE. BRING UP INCOMPREHENSIBLE BABBLE OF HUNDREDS OF VOICES. BRING UP VOICE 1 – MALE, DEEP)*

**VOICE 1:** Humanian Era. Earth. October the fifth, 1930. Airship R101 crashes in France ...  
 Humanian Era. Earth. January the thirtieth, 1933. Adolf Hitler appointed Chancellor of Germany ...  
 Humanian Era, Earth. December the tenth, 1936. Abdication of King Edward the Eighth ... *(FX: NOW BRING UP VOICE 2 BELOW – FEMALE, STRIDENT. VOICE 1 FADES OUT UNDER:)* Humanian Era. Earth. September the first, 1939. German forces invade Poland ... Humanian Era. Earth. May the twenty-seventh, 1940. Evacuation of Dunkirk begins ... Humanian Era. Earth. December the seventh, 1941. Japanese bomb Pearl Harbour ... *(ETC)*

**VOICE 2:** Sensorian Era. Peladon. Second quarter, 3894. Peladon granted membership of the Galactic Federation ... Sensorian Era. Fifth Galaxy. Fourth quarter, 3932. Zephon overthrows the Embodiment of Gris ... Sensorian Era. Central City. Third quarter, 3950. Mavic Chen elected Guardian of the Solar System ... *(FX : NOW BRING UP VOICE 3 BELOW – MALE, YOUNG, FALTERING. VOICE 2 FADES OUT UNDER:)* Sensorian Era. Kembal. First quarter, 4000. Representatives of Outer Galaxies meet with the Daleks ... Sensorian Era. System 4X Alpha 4. Fourth quarter, 4949. Dalek and Movellan battle fleets locked in stalemate ... Sensorian Era. Andromeda. Second quarter, 5132. Star Pioneers consumed by Wirm ...

**VOICE 3:** Rassilon Era. Karn. 5725 point three. Time Lords ambush the Cult of Morbius ... *(STRAINING)* Rassilon Era. Gallifrey. 5892 point nine. Files on Doomsday Weapon stolen by – by ... *(DETERMINED)* Rassilon Era. Outer Planets. 6241 point one. Chancellor Goth visits Terserus ... *(WEAKENING AGAIN)* Rassilon Era. Etra Prime. 6776 point seven. President Romana vanishes on routine mission ... Rassilon Era. Gallifrey. 6796 point eight. D-Dalek invasion force repelled by President Romana – I ... R-Rassilon Era ... Interstitial space. 679 ... I – I can't ... 6798 point two. Dalek Time Fleet captured in Vortex and – and ... *(WHISPERED)* I can't remember. Dalek Time Fleet captured in – *(PANICKING)* I can't remember! Captured and – I can't remember. *(LOUDER)* I can't remember! *(SCREAMING, ELONGATED)* I ... can't rememberrrrr!!!

*(FX: HOLD. ECHO. FAST CUT TO:)*

*(OPENING THEME)*

## 2. INT. TARDIS

*(FX: THE TIME ROTOR)*

**CHARLEY:** So that's it, Doctor? No more Daleks, ever?

**DOCTOR:** That's it, Charley! Trapped in their own time pocket! Caught by the, er –

**CHARLEY:** – plungers?

**DOCTOR:** Plungers, yes! *(BEAT)* Do you know, I don't think even Dalek ingenuity can get them out of a paradox that tangled. A few million years in limbo, I suppose, and the Emperor might swallow his pride, call on the Time Lords...

**CHARLEY:** The Time Lords? Why? They'd never let the Daleks out?

**DOCTOR:** Oh, it's possible. The Daleks' total obliteration might cause terrible ructions in the Web of Time. History turns on several of their machinations. But it's not our job to work that one out, is it? And besides, President Romana has her own score to settle with the Daleks. She'll let them stew for well, twenty years, at least. *(UPBEAT)* Now. Things to do. *(FX: LEVERS AND SWITCHES ON CONSOLE)* Where exactly are we? *(FX: 'WHOOSH' OF CEILING SCANNER)* The Acteon Galaxy! I've not been round these parts since I was an old man, probably! See? Spiral nebulae ... asteroids made of mercury ... a gas giant and a red dwarf ... bo-o-oring! No, I've got a much better idea ... *(FX: MUCH LEVER-PULLING AND SWITCH FLICKING)*

**CHARLEY:** What's the whirling Dervish impression in aid of?

**DOCTOR:** Places to go! People to see! *(BEAT)* It's a surprise. You'll like it. Not a lot, but you'll like it...*(FX: MORE SWITCHES)* *(TO HIMSELF)* Let's see. Sumaron Era, dateline 9235 point three...

**CHARLEY:** *(SARCASTIC)* Oh, don't mind me. I'll just stand here at the back, quiet as a mouse, looking pretty and pouting? *(LOUDER)* I said, I'll just stand here at the back, quiet as a mouse, looking...

**DOCTOR:** *(DISTRACTED)* Good idea!

**CHARLEY:** Do you know, Doctor, sometimes you get right on my... wick. *(BEAT; THEN, GRANDLY)* I am going for a bath. I may be some time.

**DOCTOR:** *(STILL DISTRACTED)* Mmm! *(TO HIMSELF)* Now, is that before or after the Megaluthian Slimeskimmers explode the third planet? Think, think ...

**CHARLEY:** *(STILL LOUD)* And after my bath, I've invited some people round for tea. The Emperor Caligula, Lucretia Borgia, the Mountain Mauler of Montana and the Terrible Zodin. Charming couple, the Zodins, but their table manners leave a lot to be – *(BREAKS OFF)* Doctor. *(BEAT; THEN, URGENTLY)* Doctor!

**DOCTOR:** *(STILL NOT PAYING ATTENTION)* Good! Fine! Whatever!

**CHARLEY:** No, Doctor – look! *(FX: DISTANT MATERIALISATION SOUND)* Up on the scanner, just there to the right – that dull grey box – is that a TARDIS?

**DOCTOR:** Sorry, what!?!

*(FX: ANOTHER DISTANT MATERIALISATION. AND ANOTHER. AND ANOTHER)*

**CHARLEY:** And there's another – and another – and another! Are they coming for the Daleks, do you think?

**DOCTOR:***(TO HIMSELF)* No no no – not yet! Not just yet!

*(FX: MORE MATERIALISATIONS)*

**CHARLEY:** More of them! Well, it's best they go in mob-handed, I suppose...

**DOCTOR:** *(TO HIMSELF)* Just like before. Battle-TARDISes in an escort formation. *(TO CHARLEY)* Charley, I don't think it's the Daleks the Time Lords are after – it's us!

### 3. INT. TIME STATION (CONSOLE CHAMBER)

*(FX: A VAST AREA OF BLEEPING HIGH TECHNOLOGY – HALFWAY BETWEEN AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL AND THE CONNING TOWER OF A SUBMARINE. CALM COMPUTER VOICE RUNNING OVER)*

**COMPUTER VOICE:** All systems fully operational. Time Station readied for flight. All units to their posts. Repeat, all units to their posts. *(BEAT, THEN REPEAT:)* All systems fully operational. Time Station readied for flight. All units to their posts. Repeat, all units to their posts... *(ETC)*  
*(FX: SWISHING OF ELECTRONIC DOORS)*

**ROMANA:** *(HURRIED)* Co-ordinator Vansell! Am I to assume that the Agency has located the Doctor?

**VANSELL:** *(SMOOTHLY)* Madam President. May the Star of Rassilon guide you, His Wisdom inform you and His Sash be your protection in the vastness of your duties-

**ROMANA:** *(TETCHILY)* Yes yes yes. Can we just dispense with the pomp? *(BEAT)* Where is he?

**VANSELL:** The Type Forty Time Capsule known to have been misappropriated by the Doctor is currently – *(FX: BLEEPS)* – drifting in the Acteon Galaxy, co-ordinates 7729 gamma seven, nineteenth span. TARDISes with full offensive capabilities are blocking all entrances to the Vortex across five million consecutive years. Doubtless the Doctor will be twisting like a Slithery Nematode - but he shan't be wriggling off this hook this time.

**ROMANA:** You have a tortured way with metaphor, Co-ordinator. How soon can this Time Station be within range?

**VANSELL:** A mere seven microspans, Madam President.

**ROMANA:** Then make it so. *(TO HERSELF)* Oh, Doctor. Of all the countless billions of people in the whole of space and time – why did it have to be you?

**4. INT. TARDIS**

*(FX: ATMOS AS BEFORE. MORE MATERIALISATIONS. MORE SWITCHES)*

**CHARLEY:** But why the panic, Doctor? Surely the Time Lords won't harm you, of all people!

**DOCTOR:** On past form, I wouldn't like to bet on that. Excuse me. *(BEAT)* Thank you. Look, Charley – another seven TARDISes! What a reception.

**CHARLEY:** Should be flattered, really. I mean –

**DOCTOR:** Ssh sh sh! Listen – there's a message coming through!

**VOICE:** *(DEEP, OMINOUS, TRANSMITTED VIA TARDIS CONSOLE)*

Calling occupants of rogue time capsule. The High Council of Gallifrey demands you power down your vessel and await further instructions. Repeat, power down your – *(CUTS OFF DEAD)*

**DOCTOR:** Yes yes yes, power down your vessel, yadda yadda yadda. Don't think we need to hear any more, do we?

**CHARLEY:** You never know, it might be something important...

**DOCTOR:** Important? The Time Lords? Oh no. It's bound to be something really... dreary.

*(MOCKING PONDEROUS GERIATRIC)* 'We, the dull men in big collars, have convened an enquiry into the matter of your involvement in the recent Nimon assault on planet Earth and expect you to submit evidence of your actions in detail so stultifyingly unnecessary it will make your head bleed.'

*(LOUDLY)* Well, I won't do it!

**CHARLEY:** So there.

**DOCTOR:** Exactly. Now, let's see if there isn't a way past this little blockade...

**CHARLEY:** Doctor...

**DOCTOR:** Mm?

**CHARLEY:** Doctor, what's that TARDIS doing – that one, there?

**DOCTOR:** *(CASUALLY)* Oh, that one. Well, that halo effect is what you get, you see, when a battle-TARDIS opens up its warp silos just prior to the launch of a cluster of precision-targetted Time Torpedoes. *(BEAT)* Time Torpedoes?!? They wouldn't dare!

*(FX: TIME TORPEDOES LAUNCHING – A NOISE LIKE WHOOSHING DARTS, BUILDING IN PITCH AS THEY CLOSE IN ON THE TARDIS)*

**CHARLEY:** *(DRILY)* I think they just have.

**DOCTOR:** Action stations! Action stations! *(TO CHARLEY)* That's right, stand there.

**CHARLEY:** Shouldn't we be taking, urn, 'evasive action' or something?

**DOCTOR:** Oh no. Evasive action is exactly what they'll be expecting us to take – so that's exactly what we won't do!

**CHARLEY:** ... and so we're just going to sit here and get blasted across the spaceways? Oh, good plan, Doctor!

**DOCTOR:** Charley, Charley, Charley – *(WITHOUT TAKING A BREATH)* the Time Lords want us to take evasive action because they know that the second the TARDIS dematerialises in whatever direction they'll be ready to pluck us out of the vortex and reel us in to who-knows-where. Twenty-nine seconds to impact! *(BEAT- THEN, GABBLING)* On the other hand, if the Time Torpedoes hit we'll be frozen in a microsecond of space-time for several centuries, long enough for the Time Lords to over-ride the TARDIS's entrance protocols and drag us out to who-knows-where. *(BEAT)* Eighteen seconds!

**CHARLEY:** Doctor, if they've got us where they want us whatever we do, can't we just avoid all the unpleasantness of being hit by those really rather large and alarming missiles and just, well, give ourselves up?

**DOCTOR:** Absolutely not! Nine seconds!

**CHARLEY:** Why?!?

**DOCTOR:** Because I'm the Doctor -and whatever happens, whatever the odds, I never, ever, never give up! Brace yourself, Charley –

*(FX: AND SUDDENLY THE ROARING OF THE TIME TORPEDOES, WHICH HAS BUILT TO AN*





billionth span of their civilisation with a party lasting a thousand years inside a very discreet little space-time fold – which, quite coincidentally, the Time Lords know absolutely nothing about. And just as well! It's the party to end all parties and we don't want killjoys in the kitchen! The most exclusive event in history – and guess who's got an invite? *(BEAT)* You, Charley, you! You are going to have a ball. I'm actually quite jealous.

**CHARLEY:** I'm going to this amazing shindig – and you're not?

**DOCTOR:** Only one invite, I'm afraid. I told you it was exclusive. Besides... you don't want a neurotic old nine-hundred-and-fifty- something cramping your style! Let your hair down! Go wild! There's a suite booked at the best hotel in town – I'll pick you up in a year or so!

**CHARLEY:** One year!?!

**DOCTOR:** Not long, I know, but it was the best I could do at such short notice. *(BEAT)* Oh, cheer up! You'll love it – I promise?

**CHARLEY:** *(SARCASTICALLY)* So what will you be doing while I'm whooping it up in the back of beyond?

**DOCTOR:** Ah. Well. Things. Nothing for you to worry about.

*(LONG PAUSE)*

**CHARLEY:** *(COLD)* You're going to see the Time Lords, aren't you?

**DOCTOR:** No, no, of course not! Why in the Seven Galaxies –

**CHARLEY:** *(CUTTING IN, ANGRY)* Don't lie to me, Doctor! It's written all over your face!

*(BEAT)*

**DOCTOR:** *(FLATLY)* Is it? *(BEAT)* Oh, Charley – don't turn away. It's for the best. I just have to go and sort things out with President Romana, see what all this is about. It won't take long. And then, well, I'll be back and –

**CHARLEY:** This is about me, isn't it? The break in the Web of Time caused by me surviving the crash of the R101. It's not over, is it? It's nothing to do with the Nimon, or the Daleks – it's me, and you know it!

**DOCTOR:** I don't know it, Charley. But I'm very much afraid that's what the Time Lords might think. They've been tracking the TARDIS for some time now, you see – hovering on the fringes of the Vortex, waiting for their chance to pounce. I couldn't understand why they didn't just haul us back to Gallifrey. But they're scared, you see – scared of any random factor, any tremor in causality – and they don't want any of that back home, oh no. They have to preserve the Web of Time and any chink in the Web, however slight, they fix it. It's their job.

**CHARLEY:** You think they'll put me back on the R101, don't you?

**DOCTOR:** I think that they might think that was the simplest option, yes. But I won't allow that to happen. I need to go to the Time Lords, talk to them – explain. I won't let anyone hurt you, Charley. Whatever it takes. Whatever the cost.

*(BEAT)*

**CHARLEY:** *(BITTERLY)* 'Happy birthday,' he says. 'Happy birthday: Charley.' Only it isn't my birthday, is it? It isn't my birthday because I'm not supposed to have any more birthdays. No more cake, no more candles, no more presents, not now, not ever. No more birthdays since –

**DOCTOR:** *(SADLY)* Oh, Charley ...

**CHARLEY:** – since I died. That's right, isn't it, Doctor? No more birthdays because I'm supposed to be dead, dead and burned in the wreck of an airship. Born on the day the Titanic sank, died on the R101. Poor, tragic little Charlotte Pollard, her life snuffed out before it had even begun – that's how it is, isn't it, Doctor? *(BEAT)* And now you want to hide me away in some knees-up at the end of the universe while you go and risk God-knows-what at the hands of the Time Lords on my behalf. Why's that, Doctor? Why? It's not your problem. It was me who wanted to see the world. It was me who stowed away on the R101. It was my choice, Doctor, my own stupid fault. Should have stayed at home that day, but I didn't. And that's that.

**DOCTOR:** But what if it isn't? What if it doesn't have to be like that?

**CHARLEY:** *(ANGRY)* But it is like that! *(BEAT; SOFT, SOOTHING)* Oh, you. You know who you remind me of? You're Peter Pan – the little boy who never grew up, who lived in Never-Never Land



**KURST:** Here, Levith. This him?

**LEVITH:** Dressed like a retrograde. Must be. (*BEAT*) How long has this capsule been frozen?

**KURST:** Only a few hundred years.

**LEVITH:** Seasoned traveller. Adjusts quickly. He's back with us, see?

**DOCTOR:** (*WEAK, BEFUDDLED*) I tell you, Lord Byron... you're meddling with forces you don't understand – (*TRAILS OFF*)

**LEVITH:** He's ready for transport. Is that the Earth girl?

**KURST:** Yes. (*FX: CHARLEY BREATHING*) She looks almost intelligent. (*BEAT*) Must get lonely, rattling about in a capsule this old. You don't suppose he... indulges?

**LEVITH:** Kurst, that's disgusting. (*BEAT*) You'll have to ask our Madam President.

**KURST:** She knows him?

**LEVITH:** You haven't heard? She went renegade for a while, travelled with him.

**KURST:** 'Travelled'?

**LEVITH:** Travelled. And that's all she did. If you know what's good for you, that is. (*BEAT*) The girl will live. Better bring the equipment in, hook her up to the time/space converter.

**KURST:** And the Doctor?

**LEVITH:** Yes, 'the Doctor'. The Doctor has a date with the President herself.

## 7. INT. TIME STATION (MATRIX CHAMBER)

(*FX: ECHOING CHAMBER. SLIGHTLY ETHEREAL ATMOS*)

**DOCTOR:** (*GROGGY*) Mary, Mary – you must believe me. That man is not your brother! He – (*BEAT; SURPRISED*) Oh! Oh. Not Switzerland, then. Some sort of... chamber. Dark. (*FX: GETS UP. FOOTSTEPS ON METAL FLOOR*) Hello? Hello? (*FX: TAPS METAL WALLS*) Metal. Triple-bonded polyesium with tinclavic relief, if I'm not much mistaken. (*ALOUD, AS IF TO AUDIENCE*) Unusual composition. Very unusual. In fact, I'd go so far as to say it was specific to the hull of one particular Gallifreyan vessel – a Class Seven Supra-Orbital Time Station. (*BEAT*) Well? Am I right? (*ANGRY*) Show yourselves!

(*FX: WHOMP! WHOMP! WHOMP! OF ARC-LIGHTS BEING ACTIVATED*)

**DOCTOR:** Ah! Do you mind? Those lights really are terribly bright...

**VANSELL:** (*HEARD FROM ABOVE LEFT*) Class Seven-C, actually, Doctor. But in all other respects you are, of course, infuriatingly correct.

**DOCTOR:** Oh, now there's a voice I recognise! (*FAIRGROUND BARKER PATOIS*) Come on! Don't be shy! Step forward Celestial Intervention Agency Co-ordinator Sevansellostophossius, hif yew pur-lease! (*MOCKING*) Oh, I'm sorry. I forget – you never were all that keen on the 'ostophossius' bit, were you? Terribly common. Prefector Zorac came up with something rather better, if I remember right...

**VANSELL:** If you really think I will be in the least bit affected by any sordid reminiscence relating to our time in the Academy all of six hundred years ago...

**DOCTOR:** (*EXPLOSIVELY*) 'Nosebung!' That was it! Nosebung! Hm. Or was it 'Toastrack'?

**VANSELL:** (*PAINFULLY CONTROLLED*) That wasn't me, Doctor, and well you know it.

**DOCTOR:** You're quite right, Vansell. I do apologise. (*UNDER HIS BREATH*) No need to get sniffy. (*BEAT; ALOUD*) This isn't an impromptu reunion, then? No Ushas, no Koschei, no Jelpax or Magnus? No more of the Deca?

**VANSELL:** No, Doctor.

**DOCTOR:** (*RESIGNEDLY*) So what does the Agency want?

(*FX: CLICKING AND WHIRRING OF ELECTRONIC DATA*)

**VANSELL:** Charlotte Elspeth Pollard. Human. Born Hampshire, England, on the fourteenth of April, 1912. Died Bee-or-var-iss, France –

**DOCTOR:** – that's 'Beauvais', actually –

**VANSELL:** 'Beauvais', thank you. Died Beauvais, France, on the fifth of October 1930, aged eighteen years, five months and twenty-one days.

**DOCTOR:** And?

**VANSELL:** And then: traced to deep space freighter Vanguard, 2503; Venice, Earth, 2294; the republic of Malebolgia, Earth, 2003; New York, Earth again, 1938; London, oh look, Earth ... et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. And all despite having died in Beauvais, France, on the fifth of October 1930, in the wreck of a dirigible known as the R101. What an intriguing anomaly.

(*BEAT*)

**DOCTOR:** On behalf of Charlotte Elspeth Pollard, I invoke the right clearly stated in the Archetrix Convention to be tried by an independently-assembled commission of the Temporal Powers. Harm one hair on her head in malice, Vansell, and I'll hound you to the end of reality.

**ROMANA:** (*FROM ABOVE RIGHT*) And I'll gladly assist you, Doctor. But there's no chance of it coming to that.

**DOCTOR:** (*PLEASED*) Romana! Or should that be Madam President? Whatever. Romana, will you kindly tell Co-ordinator Nosebung to stop sticking his snout in where it's not wanted?

**ROMANA:** It's not quite that simple, Doctor.

(*BEAT*)

**DOCTOR:** Oh, I get it. Bad cop, good cop; good cop, bad. Have you prepared my confession? Shall I sign it now?

**VANSELL:** (*TO ROMANA*) 'Good cop, bad cop'? This is an Earth colloquialism?

**ROMANA:** (*TO VANSELL*) It usually is. (*TO DOCTOR*) Doctor, I give you my promise: I will not sanction any random justice or injustice against your friend Charlotte Pollard.

**DOCTOR:** Friends call her Charley.

**ROMANA:** Charley, then. She's still in your TARDIS, and safe.

**VANSELL:** At least, as safe as anyone – now.

## 8. INT. TARDIS

(*FX: TARDIS ATMOS*)

**CHARLEY:** (*WOOZY*) What – where –

**LEVITH:** (*BUSINESSLIKE*) (*FX: BLEEPS OF EQUIPMENT*) Disoriented? Not surprising. You just sit tight in your nice Earth chair.

**CHARLEY:** Who are you? And – (*REALISING SHE'S STRAPPED IN*) – let me out of these straps! Where's the Doctor? What have you done with the Doctor?

**KURST:** (*TO LEVITH*) Thalia's bones! Are all humans this noisy?

**LEVITH:** (*TO KURST*) I've only met a few.

**CHARLEY:** Please! It's me you want. Wherever he is, whatever you've done to him, it's not his fault – it's mine. I'll do whatever you want so long as he's safe.

**KURST:** (*TO LEVITH*) Loyal, isn't she? Interesting, that.

**LEVITH:** Kurst, you're obsessed. (*TO CHARLEY, ENUNCIATING SLOWLY SO CHARLEY WILL UNDERSTAND*) Don't you worry, Earth girl. Your friend the Doctor is all right. My name is Levith, this is –

**CHARLEY:** (*JUST AS DELIBERATELY*) – Kurst, I know. I am not subnormal.

**KURST:** (*AMUSED, TO LEVITH*) Oho! Picked up some tricks from her master...

**LEVITH:** Drop it, Kurst. (*TO CHARLEY*) We represent the Celestial Intervention Agency. We're not going to do you any harm. We need to prepare you for a small ... procedure. So long as you don't resist, it won't hurt at all.

**KURST:** We can't guarantee that, you understand. But if it doesn't work, Earth girl, you won't live long enough to feel the pain.

**LEVITH:** Then again, neither will we.

**CHARLEY:** (*WAILING*) No!

## 9. INT. TIME STATION (MATRIX CHAMBER)

**VANSELL:** Doctor, tell us how you first escaped the Time Torpedoes?

**DOCTOR:** Ah. Well. You know. Improvisation, genius, a well-turned trouser, a rapier wit ...

**ROMANA:** (*REPROACHFULLY*) Doctor ...

**VANSELL:** A wave of time distortion, hm?

**DOCTOR:** Time distortion? Oh! You've brought me here to talk about time distortion?

(*BRIGHTENING*) Well, I'm your man! I've been warped and flipped and slipped and spun through more temporal phenomena than a Mexxonian Dragon has had hot dinners!

**VANSELL:** But this particular type of time distortion – you have encountered it several times recently, have you not?

**DOCTOR:** (*CAREFULLY*) Time factors do seem to have played a large part in my life of late – but that sort of slippage, no. At least, I don't think so.

**VANSELL:** Then I suggest you pay closer attention to what's going on right beneath your ... nose. We at the Agency have observed that very form of slippage many times over the last few quarters. Gallifrey's scientists have been struggling to categorise it. In many ways, it behaves quite unlike any other form of causal disturbance ever before detected. But one possible explanation has presented itself in one of the more esoteric branches of academia. The research was suppressed, naturally.

**DOCTOR:** (*MOCKING*) Naturally.

**ROMANA:** The distortion fits a thesis which has been among the Thinking Circles for a long time – one which has never been accepted into our Codex of Disciplines. (*BEAT*) 'Anti-Time.'

**DOCTOR:** Ha! 'The spider in the Web of Time' – that old chestnut? Romana, 'Anti-Time' has been around longer than the Flat Galaxy Society, but it's given far less credence!

**VANSELL:** Officially.

**DOCTOR:** Now, how does it go? 'The Web of Time could not exist until the great Rassilon built the Eye of Harmony, the hitching-post of chronology, that which does not flux nor wither nor change its state ...'

**ROMANA:** 'The Eye of Harmony created a universe of 'positive' time, finite time. Gallifrey anchored the continuity of the universe. But just as matter has its counterpart in anti-matter, just as every action has an equal and opposite reaction, then, by all the immutable laws of the universe, positive Time – the Web of Time – must have its shadow ...'

**DOCTOR:** "Anti-Time" ... as intractable and destructive a force to causality as anti-matter is to space. Something with no past, no present, no future ... a perpetuity of meaningless chaos, a now with no beginning or end.'*(BEAT)* Elegant, brilliant, thoroughly logical – and utter gibberish. I've been trolling about the Space/Time Vortex for a lot longer than any of you. If there really was another plane of cause and effect, don't you think that maybe, just maybe, after all these centuries, I might have noticed?

(*BEAT*)

**ROMANA:** The Web of Time is stretched to breaking. Observe the screens. (*FX: BUZZ OF ELECTRONIC DATA*) We see time slippage in the Sensorian Rumanian and Sumaron eras. The Fifty Years' War of the Kosnax and the Uhrai is now into its third century. In the Ring System of the Veta Worlds, stones, and not reptiles, are emerging as the dominant life form. Earth was barely stable until this nexus, when the wrong President was elected into executive control of this major land-mass ...

**VANSELL:** The Agency no longer has enough operatives to maintain continuity across the universe, despite a draft of the Temporal Powers. History is leaking like a sieve.

**ROMANA:** If we plot these slippages back, however, a remarkable pattern emerges. We see the earliest major wave of distortion centred around the planet Earth in the 1930s ... then deep space 2503; back to Earth in 2294, 2003, 1938, 1906 and so on; each outbreak sees the distortion expanding, sometimes trailing off, but most usually infecting histories wherever it goes.

**DOCTOR:** You talk like it's a virus.

**ROMANA:** Precisely.

**DOCTOR:** (*SLOWLY*) And you think ... Charley is the carrier?

**ROMANA:** Not exactly. But she might be Patient Zero. (*DARK*) If the universe of Anti-Time was real, Doctor, if it were an actual place, how do you suppose it might be accessed?

**DOCTOR:** I don't know. Some kind of gateway? A rip, a tear, a breach... a hole?

**ROMANA:** (*GRIMLY*) Go on.

**DOCTOR:** (*AGHAST*) Charley?

**VANSELL:** In itself, the Earth girl's survival is not the problem. She was nothing. She would amount to nothing. Her descendants would be nobodies. She's nothing special, Doctor. She wouldn't go on to cure a disease, or start a war, or discover a planet. By rights, her survival would be but the tiniest hiccup, easily made and easily mended. But her living was a rift, her very being a breach. Charlotte Pollard is a rip in the fabric of space/time, a breach with presence and physicality.

**ROMANA:** And it's through her we believe these distortions are flowing – a living conduit to a dimension which should never have met ours.

**VANSELL:** Well, Doctor? Have you nothing to say?

**DOCTOR:** (*LOST TO HIMSELF*) Charley ... oh, Charley. What have I done? I should have realised, should have seen it. (*BEAT*) Ramsay! Of course, he could sense it – as a Vortisaur, he wanted to feed from it. That's why he became so unmanageable...

**VANSELL:** Doctor, please, do pay attention. Time is short. Time, in fact, is running out. The Matrix, as you know, is a vast repository housing the combined intelligences of all Time Lords, past and present living and dead. We have turned the entirety of the Matrix over to remembering all of history, as it should be recorded – so.

(*FX: ELECTRONIC WHOOSH! – AND CUE BABBLE OF VOICES FROM So. 1*)

**MATRIX VOICES:** (*SCREAMING*) Can't remember! I can't remember!

[*ETC*]

(*FX: ANOTHER WHOOSH! VOICES CUT OFF*)

**VANSELL:** But as you can hear, the Matrix is cracking under the strain. And the Agency can no longer determine the true course of recorded time, well ... (*TO ROMANA*) I think, Madam President that the Doctor should see for himself.

**ROMANA:** If he must.

**VANSELL:** The chamber in which you have been standing is not a cell, Doctor. It is, in fact, a portal into the Matrix – an Eighth Door, if you will, over which you are currently positioned. There is a projected future, based on the likelihood of a continuing and incremental incursion of these Anti-Time phenomena into our universe. As ever, you will have an actual presence in the projection... but there's no substitute for being there, eh Doctor? Tell us what you see.

(*FX: AN EVEN DEEPER ELECTRONIC WHOOSH!*)

**DOCTOR:** No – wait – I'm not readyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy –

## 10. THE MATRIX (DARK GALLIFREY)

(*MUSIC: BIG, SWEEPING, DARKLY MAJESTIC THEME*)

(*FX: UP CITY ATMOS. SPACESHIPS ROARING OVERHEAD. DISTANT EXPLOSIONS. CRACKLE OF FLAMES. SOUNDS OF SOBBING AND CRYING FOR HELP FROM OFF-MIC, LIKE LONDON IN THE BLITZ*)

(*FX : WHOOSH! AND THE DOCTOR IS DUMPED INTO THE SCENE WITH A THUMP*)

**DOCTOR:** Whoa! (*TO THE SKY*) Thank you very much, Vansell! (*TO HIMSELF*) So where is this?

(*BEAT*) A city, burning! And above it... a vast, black citadel, hulking over the landscape! (*BEAT*)

Hang on those stars look just like... the Kasterborean Borealis... and there, Mount Cadon, her peak obscured by smog ... This – is this – (*QUIETLY, BOGGLING*) – Gallifrey?

**OLD MAN:** (*FROM NOWHERE*) (*SOLEMN, DIGNIFIED, POWERFUL TONES*) That word has not been used here in many, many years.

**DOCTOR:** (*SURPRISED*) Oh! I didn't see – Where did you spring from, by the way? (*BEAT*) You know, old man, your aspect is terribly familiar – like I've always known I'm going to know you, except not –

**OLD MAN:** (*CUTTING THE DOCTOR'S BABBLING DEAD SORROWFUL*) Gallifrey? O, Gallifrey... Her forests are cracked and dead the silver leaves of the Cadonwood trees withered and

perished. The 'skies which one danced with lights – purple and green and brilliant yellow – now broil, heavy with the stinking exhalations of the charnel-house. Those of her people who are not beaten and cowed have grown cruel, their hearts hardened to ice. This is the empire of Zagreus.

**DOCTOR:** Zagreus? Did you say – Zagreus?

**OLD MAN:** (*CRYPTICALLY*) There is no alternative.

**DOCTOR:** (*TO HIMSELF*) 'Zagreus sits inside your head/Zagreus lives among the dead'... and something else. Or someone. Think, Doctor, think! Brain like a ... (*SLOW, REMEMBERING*)... a spiral staircase ... I was with Charley, that's right, and –

(*FX: THROUGHOUT, A SPACESHIP HAS BEEN ROARING OVERHEAD. THE BEGINNING OF THE LONG, LOW WHISTLE OF A BOMB FALLING...*)

**OLD MAN:** My friend, might I suggest you move away?

**DOCTOR:** (*COMING OUT OF HIS REVERIE*) Sorry, what? I mean – (*IT DAWNS ON HIM THAT THE BOMB IS ABOUT TO STRIKE*) Oh no! (*FX: HUGE, WEIRD-SOUNDING EXPLOSION. CUT IN MATRIX 'WHOOSH!' AS OLD MAN TRANSPORTS HE AND DOCTOR TO AN INTERIOR – A FIELD HOSPITAL. MORE GROANS OF AGONY, WEEPING*)

**DOCTOR:** The bomb – it – Ah. An unreal landscape, of course. (*TO OLD MAN*) You must be very powerful, to shift about the Matrix with such ease.

**OLD MAN:** If you say so.

**DOCTOR:** (*INTRIGUED*) I'm sorry? Do I know y–

(*FX: COMMOTION. DOORS BURST OPEN – CASUALTY-TYPE SCENE. WOUNDED MAN BEING PUSHED THROUGH ON TROLLEY, SURROUNDED BY SHOUTING MEDICS*)

**MEDIC 1:** Out of the way – casualty coming through! (*TO DOCTOR*) Come on, move! Yes, you! This is a hospital, not a loungearium!

**DOCTOR:** Oh, yes! Sorry-sorry!

**MEDIC 2:** (*JABBERING DETAILS SIMULTANEOUSLY*) Hearts rates falling fast! BP 228 over six! Blue corpuscle count – point nine four per hundred! We're losing him!

(*FX: TROLLEY SQUEAKS TO A HALT. PINGING OF TECHNOLOGY. DOUBLE FLAT-LINE HEARD*)

**MEDIC 1:** Not if I can help it! Nurse – the energy paddles! Quick!

(*FX: ACTIVATING A SORT OF CARDIAC MASSAGER. WHINE AS IT CHARGES UP*)

**MEDIC 2:** Charging!

**MEDIC 1:** Clear!

(*FX: A DOUBLE 'WHUMP!' OF ELECTRICITY. GROAN FROM PATIENT*)

**MEDIC 1:** Again!

(*FX: THE DOUBLE 'WHUMP!' AGAIN. REPEAT IN B/G WHILE DOCTOR/OLD MAN DIALOGUE BELOW CONTINUES OVER.*)

(*ROUND-TROLLEY DIALOGUE ENDS WITH:*)

(*FX: DOUBLE FLAT-LINE CUTS DEAD*)

**MEDIC 2:** Oh no – that's –

**MEDIC 1:** Wait for it. Wait for it- now!

(*FX: BANG ON CUE, DOUBLE HEART-BEAT PINGS HEARD ON MACHINE*)

**MEDIC 1:** I'm not losing anyone today!

(*MEANWHILE:* )

**DOCTOR:** (*TO OLD MAN*) Those injuries – they're five-dimensional! The poor devil – you can see those rents moving across his body! (*BEAT*) What's happened here? Why the devastation above – and the carnage down here?

**OLD MAN:** This is war, friend.

**DOCTOR:** War? Gallifrey is at war? Who with? Who would dare? The Daleks? The Cybermen? The Sontarans? Or some other terrible enemy I've not yet encountered...

**OLD MAN:** Oh, all of those. But most of all, this planet is at war with... herself.

**DOCTOR:** Herself? What do you mean, herself –?

(*MEDIC 1 BUTTS IN FROM END OF PREVIOUS DIALOGUE*)

**MEDIC 1:** (*INTERRUPTING DOCTOR*) Hey! You, the Objector! I want you on that gurney now!

**DOCTOR:** Who, me? (*HE'S GRABBED BY MEDIC 2*) Aah!

**MEDIC 2:** What is it – got cold feet now it's time to deliver? You Objectors are all the same!  
(*FX: CRASH! AS THE DOCTOR IS SLAMMED DOWN ONTO TROLLEY*)

**MEDIC 1:** Hold him still! Prepare him for immediate chronoplasty! This patient won't be stable for long!

**DOCTOR:** (*STRUGGLING*) There's no need for all this... violence. Tell me what it is you want!

**MEDIC 2:** You're a Donor, you donate. (*TO MEDIC 1*) How many should I take?

**MEDIC 1:** By the look of him, he can spare six.

**DOCTOR:** Six? Six what? (*REALISATION DAWNING*) Six lives?

**MEDIC 2:** You know the rules. If you won't fight in the armies of our glorious Imperatrix, if you Object – then you Donate, willingly or otherwise!

**MEDIC 1:** This proud soldier has used up all his regenerations in the struggle against the forces which menace our people! You, you snivelling coward – the least you can do is surrender a few of your lives with good grace, so he might continue his service in the name of the Imperatrix herself!

**DOCTOR:** You don't understand – this is my eighth body!

**MEDIC 1:** (*SCATHINGLY*) Oh dear. (*TO MEDIC 2*) Proceed.

**DOCTOR:** Please, listen – I don't have six lives to spare!

**MEDIC 1:** Then you should have been more careful, shouldn't you?

**MEDIC 2:** Attaching Hadron socket now!  
(*FX: BUZZING SOUND*)

**DOCTOR:** (*SCREAMS*)

**MEDIC 2:** Socket in place!

**MEDIC 1:** Drain him!  
(*FX: BUZZING STEPS UP A PITCH*)

**DOCTOR:** (*AGONISED*) Stop – please – please!!! I – (*ROARING OUT LOUD – INTO THE SKY, NOT THE SCENE*) No! This is not my reality! Show me something else! Show me who's to blame for all this!  
(*FX: MATRIX 'WHOOSH!' AGAIN – AND NOW WE'RE INSIDE A VAST HALL: THE PANOPTICON. THRONGING, NOISY CROWD*)

**DOCTOR:** (*TO HIMSELF*) Whoa! (*BEAT*) I'm not going to get used to this, am I, old m– (*BEAT*) Hey! Where's he gone? Hm. I can't help thinking that I knew you from somewhere – or maybe I will do. (*BEAT*) Where am I now – (*INCREDULOUS*) The Panopticon? Don't approve of the decor – and certainly not this nasty heads-on-spikes motif –

**CRONE:** (*INTERRUPTING*) Get out of the way, will you, Mad One – talking to yourself like some simple Shobogan!

**DOCTOR:** Sorry, I ...

**CRONE:** You are obstructing the view!

**DOCTOR:** View? – What, of that podium?

**CRONE:** Cretin!  
(*FX: A VAST FANFARE SOUNDS. CROWD NOISES UP IN PITCH, EXCITED CHEERS*)

**CRONE:** She's here! She's coming!

**TANNOY VOICE:** Silence! Silence for your Imperatrix!  
(*FX: CROWD NOISES DROP AWAY. NEAR SILENCE. A FEW COUGHS*)

**DOCTOR:** (*TO CRONE*) So who is she, this Imperatrix?

**CRONE:** Ssh! Do you want to get us both executed?  
(*FX: AHEAD, BESIDE A PODIUM ABOUT 100 FEET AWAY, WE HEAR A THRUMMING AS HUGE DOORS SLIDE OPEN ELECTRONICALLY. HEELED FOOTSTEPS OVER METAL*)

**DOCTOR:** (*TO HIMSELF*) She seems – I don't know, familiar ...

**CRONE:** Ssh!  
(*FX: FOOTSTEPS DO PRECISE, SQUEAKY SWIVEL AND STOP*)  
(*THE IMPERIATRIX PAUSES TO SURVEY THE CROWD, THEN SPEAKS IN CRACKED, HARD*)



*TONES. SHE IS, UNMISTAKABLY, ROMANA – A 'WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST' ROMANA)*

**IMPERIATRIX ROMANA:** *(ADDRESSING CROWD)* My people. I am your Imperatrix. Today, you will bear witness to a judgement on our enemies.

**DOCTOR:** *(TO HIMSELF, INCREDULOUS)* Romana?!? No, no – it can't be!

**IMPERIATRIX ROMANA:** *(CONTINUING ADDRESS)* We strive to attain unending glory for all our people – for the furtherment of our civilisation, the one true society. Yet there are those who challenge our beliefs – those who follow different paths, other timelines.

*(STIR OF UNREST AMONG CROWD)*

**IMPERIATRIX ROMANA:** Such beliefs cannot be permitted!

*(CROWD CHEER)*

**IMPERIATRIX ROMANA:** I am to communicate with a representative of one such group. *(FX: BLEEPS)* Observe the viewscreen. *(FX: DISTANT, STATICISED CRACKLE)* *(TO SCREEN)* Identify yourself to us.

**EMPEROR DALEK:** *(VIA VIEWSCREEN)* I ... am the Emperor ... of the Dalek race! Time Lady, I demand you authorise our release!

*(ANGRY JEERS FROM CROWD)*

**IMPERIATRIX ROMANA:** *(TO DALEK)* You dare demand anything of us? Emperor Dalek. We are proud to declare that you, and your entire fleet of Daleks – you are our prisoners!

**EMPEROR DALEK:** *(VIA VIEWSCREEN)* No. The Dalek fleet is held in a time pocket, here in the darkness of the Vortex. But you need us. Your continuity cannot survive without us. Release us now!

**IMPERIATRIX ROMANA:** You are an enemy of our people. Your request is denied! *(TO CROWD)*

This creature, and the remaining battalions of its wretched race, we hold outside the realms of space/time. We now have the ability to extinguish these Daleks in an instant, crush them within the bounds of their prison. We have decided that this course must now be carried out!

*(ECSTATIC CHEERING FROM CROWD)*

**DOCTOR:** No! No – this isn't how we do things!

**EMPEROR DALEK:** *(VOICE RISING IN PITCH)* Time Lady – you cannot exterminate the Dalek race!

**IMPERIATRIX ROMANA:** Oh yes I can.

*(FX: BLEEPS. GATHERING, SWIRLING SOUND ON VIEWSCREEN AS IF A TORNADO IS WHIPPING UP AROUND THE EMPEROR)*

**EMPEROR DALEK:** Please. Have ... pi-ty.

**IMPERIATRIX ROMANA:** 'Pity'? *(BEAT)* I don't think so.

*(FX: THE 'TORNADO' REACHES A CRESCENDO – AND THEN ... BOOM! PAUSE. STATIC FROM VIEWSCREEN)*

**IMPERIATRIX ROMANA:** So. *(BEAT)* Does anyone else care to disagree with me?

*(CUE HUGE CHEERING FROM CROWD)*

**DOCTOR:** *(SHOUTING TO BE HEARD ABOVE THE CROWD)* This is terrible – terrible! Romana! Romana – the Web of Time! What about the Web of Time?

**CRONE:** What's wrong with you?

**CROWD MEMBER 1:** He challenges our Imperatrix!

**CROWD MEMBER 2:** Traitor!

**DOCTOR:** But this isn't how things should be!

**CRONE:** Teach this traitor a lesson!

**CROWD MEMBER 1:** Kill him!

**CROWD MEMBER 2:** Rip his hearts out!

**DOCTOR:** What? Please, leave me – aaow!

**CROWD:** *(VARIOUSLY)* Traitor! Kill him! Rip his hearts out! *[ETC]*

**DOCTOR:** *(STRUGGLING)* No – please – no – I – I didn't –

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

*(CONTINUE INTO:)*

**11. INT. TIME STATION (MATRIX CHAMBER)**

*(FX: THE BIG MATRIX WHOOSH! AGAIN. CHAMBER ATMOS)*

**DOCTOR:** *(FROM END OF Sc 10)* AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA  
*(BIG INTAKE OF BREATH. SHUDDERS)*

**VANSELL:** I take it, Doctor, you found the projection – uncongenial?

**ROMANA:** That's enough, Vansell. *(TO THE WALLS)* Matrix Chamber – bring the Doctor up.  
*(FX: ELECTRONIC SKITTERING. HYDRAULIC THRUM)*

**DOCTOR:** Whoa! The architecture reconfigures itself?

**ROMANA:** *(STEPPING FORWARD, NOW ON THE DOCTOR'S LEVEL)* Transcendentally.

**DOCTOR:** Very good, very good ...

**ROMANA:** I know what you saw.

**DOCTOR:** Do you?

**ROMANA:** The projection never changes. The Web of Time in shreds. Time collapsing in on itself. The fall of Gallifrey, the corruption of the oldest civilisation. Chaos and anarchy loosed upon us all. A new order. A twisted one.

**DOCTOR:** Yes, I saw it. I saw what might happen to Gallifrey, to – *(BEAT)* – her leaders. But if this vision is supposed to make me recant, to make me see the folly of my choices in the past, to approve the unmaking of a single life for the sake of order – Romana, I won't. The choice is yours. Go back in time; erase my deeds, the last few months of my life; blast me from the whole of history, even. Maybe I made a mistake, taking Charley with me; but I stand by my mistakes – and my promises too. If you destroy Charley, rightly or wrongly, then I won't let you do it with a clean conscience. There has to be another way. And while my hearts are still beating, I swear to you I'll find it.

**ROMANA:** I know that, Doctor. Even if I was prepared to sanction the intervention necessary, to avoid the breach being opened in the first place, it'd be too late. This distortion, this disturbance, has grown too large to be controlled. *(SLOWLY)* But what if there was another way?

**DOCTOR:** Then I'd take it.

**ROMANA:** It might be – dangerous. And the chances of success very slight.

**DOCTOR:** Oh, you know me, Romana – I like long odds.

**VANSELL:** And you'd go along with anything, to put things right, so long as no harm came to Miss Pollard?

**DOCTOR:** I think so, yes.

*(BEAT)*

**ROMANA:** *(FORMAL)* Very well. Doctor, our only realistic approach is to follow the time distortion to its source –

**VANSELL:** And destroy it. Lay waste to the scourge of Anti-Time at its root, before it lays waste to us. Always and forever.

**DOCTOR:** You want to cross over into a dimension which may or may not even exist – and wipe it out?

**VANSELL:** Oh, we have reason to believe the thinking is sound. There are – records, Doctor. Ancient records. But that's not important now. Will you join us? Will you help us?

**ROMANA:** *(TO THE DOCTOR)* Will you help me?

**DOCTOR:** Yes. Yes, you know I will. *(BEAT)* But how? How in the name of Rassilon are you going to transport yourselves into this universe of Anti-T– *(DRIES AS REALISATION STRIKES)* Ah.

**VANSELL:** Obvious, isn't it, Doctor? We'll be taking the same route as the time distortion. Through the space/time breach. Through Charlotte Elspeth Pollard.

**12. INT. TARDIS**

*(FX: TARDIS ATMOS)*

*(FX: BLEEP OF HI-TECHNOLOGY)*

**KURST:** That's the Space/Time converter installed and operational. Though whether or not it's fully

compatible with this antique – well, who can say?

**LEVITH:** Then run through the data codes again, Kurt. We only have one chance to get this right, and I don't plan on being squashed to a singularity thanks to a faulty plug. *(TO CHARLEY)* Now, girl –

**CHARLEY:** That's 'Charlotte', thank you.

**LEVITH:** 'Charlotte'. *(BEAT; THEN, SOFTER)* Sorry. Tense. Pressure of work. This is the difficult bit. This device here is what we call a sub-proton accelerator – a special machine which, um... stimulates matter at the atomic level?

**CHARLEY:** I haven't the foggiest idea what you're talking about, but it looks a bit like one of those things they have in hospitals now – you know, a Z-ray thing.

**LEVITH:** An X-ray, you mean?

**CHARLEY:** X-ray, Y-ray, Z-beam- what's the difference?

**LEVITH:** Never mind. We're going to position these around you and soon – well, things will start to happen. You may feel yourself... changing.

**CHARLEY:** Changing? Changing how?

**LEVITH:** You're special, you see. Very special. There's more to you than meets the eye. Charlotte – I don't know how to tell you what you are. If I told you you were a unique cosmic phenomenon, a four-dimensional archway into a universe, anathema to our own, you wouldn't understand me, let alone believe it. Be still.

**CHARLEY:** *(STRUGGLING)* What do you think you're – ow! *(BEAT)* If you see the Doctor afterwards, Levith – give him my love. If you'd understand that, of course.

**LEVITH:** *(TO KURST)* Activate!

*(FX: A PULSING BEAM – FWUB, FWUB, FWUB...)*

**CHARLEY:** *(GASPS IN PAIN)* Uuuuuuh!

### 13. INT. TIME STATION (CORRIDOR)

*(THE DOCTOR, ROMANA AND VANSELL, WALKING FAST)*

**DOCTOR:** This is madness, Romana! If you're wrong –

**ROMANA:** Then the process should make no difference to Charley. It's an acceleration of matter – not all that different from a simple teleportation.

**VANSELL:** And how many times in all of your famous exploits have you had your atoms split, broadcast and reassembled in the name of derring-do, Doctor – hm?

**DOCTOR:** Lots, I suppose, but –

**ROMANA:** – but the point is, Doctor, you think we're right about her. You know what effect it's going to have on her. But it doesn't have to be for long – she'll restabilise once we're through, be her normal self again. And once we've discovered how to stem the flow of Anti- Time, there'll be no reason not to let her, and you, go. I'm sure that, under the circumstances, given your co-operation, Co-ordinator Vansell will be minded to turn a blind eye to an error in the CIA's – accounting.

**VANSELL:** The Agency might be – persuaded, yes.

**DOCTOR:** Romana, I wasn't sure about it at first, but I'm warming to your style of government.

**ROMANA:** I'll take that as a compliment, shall I? We're here.

*(FX: SWISHING OF ELECTRONIC DOORS – AND DIRECTLY INTO:)*

### 14. INT. TIME STATION (CONSOLE CHAMBER)

*(FX: BUSY ATMOS, AS IN Sc 3)*

**DOCTOR:** Now that's what I call a Time Rotor.

**ROMANA:** Oh, Doctor. You don't keep a trans-temporal space/time station this size going with Meccano and a ball of string.

**DOCTOR:** Foul slur! I replaced those parts properly, in the end. *(BEAT)* Hm. Don't have too many shipmates, do we? Just a skeleton crew – the Under-Cardinal there, and a cohort of guards. Keep the secret mission secret, hm? Wouldn't do to spread alarm.

**ROMANA:** Do be quiet and take a seat. Vansell – are your people prepared?

**VANSELL:** Confirming now. *(FX: PUNCHING BUTTONS; INTO INTERCOM)* Levith, Kurst – all is ready aboard the Doctor's TARDIS?

**LEVITH:** *(FUZZY, THROUGH INTERCOM)* Running smoothly, Co-ordinator Vansell.

**DOCTOR:** *(TO VANSELL)* I want to speak to Charley.

**VANSELL:** Too late, Doctor. She's already in the acceleration field. *(TO LEVITH, VIA INTERCOM)* That is correct, Levith?

**LEVITH:** *(VIA INTERCOM)* Fully stabilised, now. Ready on your command.

**ROMANA:** *(TO THE DOCTOR)* As the breach is opened Vansell's people will download details of its precise space/time co-ordinates to us here in the console chamber. The Time Station will then dematerialise through those precise co-ordinates and – well, we'll see where we are when we get there.

**DOCTOR:** If we get there.

**ROMANA:** Doctor, she will be alright.

**DOCTOR:** She'd better be.

**ROMANA:** *(ALOUD, ECHOING THROUGH SPEAKERS)* Attention crew of Time Station! Prepare for full dematerialisation! *(TO VANSELL)* Vansell, give the order.

**VANSELL:** *(TO LEVITH, VIA INTERCOM)* Calling Doctor's TARDIS. Begin sub-proton acceleration. *(BEAT)* Open the gateway!

## 15. INT. TARDIS

*(FX: PULSING BEAM, AS BEFORE)*

*(CHARLEY MOANING SOFTLY IN BACKGROUND)*

**LEVITH:** Confirmed. *(BEAT)* Ready, Kurst?

**KURST:** Ready

**LEVITH:** This is it. Begin full proton acceleration.

*(FX: PULSING STEPS UP A GEAR)*

**CHARLEY:** *(SCREAMS)* AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

## 16. INT. TIME STATION (CONSOLE CHAMBER)

*(FX: CHARLEY'S SCREAMS THROUGH INTERCOM)*

**DOCTOR:** You're hurting her! Stop it! Stop it now!

**VANSELL:** *(INTO INTERCOM)* Levith! What's happening down there?

**LEVITH:** *(VIA INTERCOM, EXCITED)* The girl – Charlotte. She's rippling, like a stone thrown into a pond, changing, expanding ... It's happening! It's –

*(FX: VIA INTERCOM, CHARLEY'S SCREAM TRANSMUTES INTO A HUGE, VIBRATING, WHIRLING SOUND – TINGED WITH TWINKLING, ETHEREAL EFFECTS. BURST OF STATIC. INTERCOM GOES DEAD)*

**DOCTOR:** Charley!!!

**VANSELL:** *(INTO INTERCOM)* Levith! Levith, are you there?

*(BEAT)*

**DOCTOR:** No, no, no, no, no!!!

**ROMANA:** Doctor, I – I'm sorry. I –

*(FX: BUZZ OF STATIC. INTERCOM BURSTS BACK INTO LIFE. THE WHIRLING IS GENTLER, MORE EVEN)*

**VANSELL:** Quiet! Levith? Levith?

**LEVITH:** *(VIA INTERCOM, AWESTRUCK)* It's just – fantastic. She's whirling, dancing with colour and... You can see the universe through her. You can see – everything –

**VANSELL:** *(SOFTLY, TO HIMSELF)* 'And the gate of Zagreus opened before him/ And all of the Antiverse was revealed to him/ And its terrible beauty ached in his hearts...'

**ROMANA:** There, Doctor. There is another way. There is – hope. *(ALOUD)* Under-Cardinal! Commence dematerialisation.

**UNDER-CARDINAL:** Yes, Madam President!

*(FX: THE VAST, PONDEROUS TIME ROTOR VWORPING)*

**ROMANA:** So the adventure begins.

### **17. INT. TARDIS**

*(FX: FULL 'GATEWAY' EFFECTS, AS BEFORE – MUCH LOUDER, ROARING )*

**KURST:** Amazing. Just amazing .. .

*(FX: SUDDEN POPPING EXPLOSIONS FROM THE CONSOLE)*

**LEVITH:** Kurst! The console!

**KURST:** Something's wrong – it's too much for this heap –

*(FX: AND THE ROARING GATEWAY BEGINS TO VIBRATE, CHARLEY'S SCREAMING FADING IN AND OUT OF THE EFFECT)*

**LEVITH:** The breach! It's changing back! It's –

*(FX: BIGGER EXPLOSIONS FROM TARDIS CONSOLE)*

*(KURST AND LEVITH SCREAM)*

### **18. INT. TIME STATION (CONSOLE CHAMBER)**

*(FX: MASSIVE ROARING OF TIME STATION ROTOR)*

*(FX: CHAOS IN TARDIS VIA INTERCOM – THE WOBBLING GATEWAY / SCREAMING CHARLEY BREAKING THROUGH)*

**VANSELL:** Your TARDIS, Doctor – it's falling apart as it's being sucked through!

*(FX: AND A SERIES OF BANGS AND FLASHES IN THE TIME STATION ITSELF. CRIES FROM CREWMEMBERS)*

**DOCTOR:** Abort the mission! Charley can't take it! Neither time ship can take it! In all that's decent, Romana – abort!!!

**ROMANA:** Too late, Doctor! There is no alternative! The sequence has started – *(FX: SOUND REACHING A HUGE CRESCENDO)* – and it cannot be stopped! We're going in!!!

(END OF PART ONE)

## PART TWO

(RECAP FROM:)

### 17. INT. TARDIS

*(FX: FULL 'GATEWAY' EFFECTS, AS BEFORE – MUCH LOUDER ROARING)*

**KURST:** Amazing. Just amazing...

*(FX: SUDDEN POPPING EXPLOSIONS FROM THE CONSOLE)*

**LEVITH:** Kurst! The console!

**KURST:** Something's wrong – it's too much for this heap – *(FX: AND THE ROARING GATEWAY BEGINS TO VIBRATE, CHARLEY'S SCREAMING FADING IN AND OUT OF THE EFFECT)*

**LEVITH:** The breach! It's changing back! It's –

*(FX: BIGGER EXPLOSIONS FROM TARDIS CONSOLE)*

*(KURST AND LEVITH SCREAM)*

### 18. INT. TIME STATION (CONSOLE CHAMBER)

*(FX: MASSIVE ROARING OF TIME STATION ROTOR)*

*(FX: CHAOS IN TARDIS VIA INTERCOM – THE WOBBLING GATEWAY / SCREAMING CHARLEY BREAKING THROUGH)*

**VANSELL:** Your TARDIS, Doctor – it's falling apart as it's being sucked through!

*(FX: AND A SERIES OF BANGS AND FLASHES IN THE TIME STATION ITSELF. CRIES FROM CREWMEMBERS)*

**DOCTOR:** Abort the mission! Charley can't take it! Neither time ship can take it! In all that's decent, Romana – abort!!!

**ROMANA:** Too late, Doctor! There is no alternative! The sequence has started – *(FX: SOUND REACHING A HUGE CRESCENDO)* – and it cannot be stopped! We're going in!!!

*(FX: FREEZE CRESCENDO. ECHO. FADE TO NOTHING)*

### 19. INT. TARDIS

*(FX: BRING UP TARDIS MATERIALISATION EFFECT – FALTERING WARPED. WHEN IT REACHES ITS FINAL 'BUMP' IT SOUNDS SOMETHING LIKE A DEATH RATTLE)*

*(SIMULTANEOUSLY, CHARLEY GASPS HUGELY, AS IF SHE'S JUST SURFACED FROM A LONG SPELL UNDERWATER)*

**CHARLEY:** *(SMALL, SHUDDERING)* Help me. *(BEAT)* Please... won't somebody ... help me?

**LEVITH:** *(ABRUPT)* That's enough, Charlotte. *(GETTING TO HER FEET)* That... could have been a smoother ride. Kurst. Kurst!

**KURST:** *(BEFUDDLED)* Levith? Aren't we dead yet?

*(FX: LEVITH CROSSES THE FLOOR, KICKS KURST IN THE RIBS)*

**KURST:** Oof!

**LEVITH:** Did you feel that in your ribs?

**KURST:** *(THINKS)* Er, yes.

**LEVITH:** Then you can't be dead, can you? On your feet. You, me and Charlotte have got work to do.

**KURST:** The girl-? *(LOOKING AT CHARLEY)* The breach! It's resolved!

**LEVITH:** She was reverting to her natural state as this TARDIS was being dragged through.

**KURST:** *(UNCOMPREHENDING)* She was?

**LEVITH:** When the ship began to break up, the power to the proton accelerator must have shut down and Charlotte here began to stabilise mid-flight. It's a miracle we didn't end up a twisted mass of Earth girl and TARDIS, smeared across the vortex.

**CHARLEY:** (*ANGRILY*) Will you two stop blathering on and help me?

**LEVITH:** Untie her, Kurst. I have to check on the console.

(*FX: BLEEPs FROM CONSOLE*)

**CHARLEY:** (*TO KURST, PRIMLY*) Thank you.

**KURST:** How do you feel?

**CHARLEY:** Sick.

**KURST:** (*ALARMED*) Really? Because if you're about to disgorge a chunk of space/time –

**CHARLEY:** (*SHARPLY*) Not that sort of sick, stupid. (*BEAT*) Just ... sick.

**LEVITH:** Kurst! Kurst! Look at this!

(*FX: SOUND OF TARDIS' DESTINATION MONITOR WHIRRING FURIOUSLY*)

**KURST:** The destination monitor! It's just going round and round and round –

**LEVITH:** Unable to settle. Unable to fix a space/time location. You know what this means, Kurst?

(*AWESTRUCK*) We made it.

**KURST:** You mean...?

**LEVITH:** Nowhere, nowhen – at least, no place we can describe by our mathematics. No 'x', no 'y', no 'z', no 'n' – nowhere. Beyond those doors lies the universe of Anti-Time. (*FX: FLICKING SWITCHES*)

Pressure readings indicate ... (*READING OFF COUNTER*) ... one point one three gees, point nine five atmospheres ... air thick, but breathable ... (*BEAT*) I think we should investigate. (*FX:*

*ACTIVATES DOOR. HUM OF DOORS OPENING*) Come on. You too, Charlotte. Let's see what nothing looks like.

## 20. EXT. THE WILDERNESS (PLAIN)

(*MUSIC: MASSIVE, PORTENTOUS HORROR MOVIE CUE*)

(*FX: HIGH, HOWLING WINDS. RUMBLING OF DISTANT EARTHQUAKES. THUNDER AND LIGHTNING. SHOOTING STARS. THROW EVERYTHING AT IT*)

(*CHARACTERS SHOUT TO BE HEARD OVER THE WINDS, EXCEPT WHERE SPECIFIED*)

**KURST:** (*SOFTLY*) Rassilon protect us. What kind of blemishment have we landed in?

**LEVITH:** (*QUOTING*) 'And he set then his course/To a scar on the face of Creation/Where the stars lived and died in the churn of one night/Where the mountains might move in the blink of an eye/And decay was the only true constant...'

**CHARLEY:** Poetry, Levith?

**LEVITH:** Something I remember reading. Doesn't matter.

(*FX: BLEEPs AS A HANDSET IS OPERATED. REGULAR PULSING SOUND CONTINUES OVER.*)

**CHARLEY:** What's that you're doing?

**LEVITH:** Setting up a trans-temporal beacon to guide the Time Station to us – (*DARKLY*) – if they made it through the breach, of course, and if they can cross this broiling horizon...

**CHARLEY:** And if not?

**LEVITH:** Then get used to the view, because I don't think this TARDIS will be going anywhere for a very long time...

## 21. INT. TIME STATION (CONSOLE CHAMBER)

(*FX: HARD CUT TO ROARING OF ROTOR AND JUDDERING ENGINES. EVERYONE SHOUTING OVER THE NOISE, VOICES SHAKEN, BUFFETED BY TURBULENCE*)

**DOCTOR:** You're looking a little ... green, Vansell. Unsteady on your space legs. Whoa! You should ... take something ... for that!

**VANSELL:** (*QUEASILY*) Doctor ... do shut up.

(*FX: AND CUT ROARING. ROTOR SLOWS TO A STEADY PURR.*)

(*BEAT*)

**ROMANA:** We're through. (*BEAT; TO CREW*) Congratulations, everyone.

(*FX: POLITE, DEFERENTIAL CHEER FROM CREW*)

**ROMANA:** (*EMBARRASSED*) Yes, yes, yes.

**VANSELL:** (*TO HIMSELF*) Scanner screens are dead. (*TO UNDER-CARDINAL*) Under-Cardinal – please download a full survey of all 5-D flight readings into the central data pool.

(*FX: CONTINUING MODEM-TYPE BLEEPINGS*)

**UNDER-CARDINAL:** Downloading now, Co-ordinator!

**DOCTOR:** (*TO VANSELL*) Ah. I see the temperature in the Time Station's solarium dropped half a degree during the crossing, Vansell. What a useful fact.

**VANSELL:** All information gathered by our sensors is of immediate and urgent value in a situation as untried as this.

**DOCTOR:** Look around you! Are your arms and legs still there? Mine certainly are. (*BEAT; PATS SELF*) I think.

**ROMANA:** Do you have a point, Doctor? Or are you simply baiting my Co-ordinator once again?

**DOCTOR:** Oh, Romana – surely it's obvious? We have travelled into another universe, a dimension utterly alien to our own. Your cameras, your scanners, your sensors are recording data calibrated according to continuous, constant time – but they can't measure the sheer anarchy of this Antiverse. It's anathema to our science! (*FX: BLEEPINGS SLOW AND STOP*) See? Now you've flooded your data pool with nonsense, it's gone and overflowed. Well done!

**ROMANA:** So what do you suggest? How do we gather intelligence on the phenomena of Anti-Time minus our sensors?

**DOCTOR:** We use our eyes, our ears, our tongues, our noses, our fingers and toes. And then we put our heads together. (*TO UNDER-CARDINAL*) Under-Cardinal! Raise the shutters on the observation ports!

**ROMANA:** (*TO UNDER-CARDINAL, RESIGNEDLY*) Just do it.

**UNDER-CARDINAL:** Madam President.

(*FX: THRUMMING OF VAST SHUTTERS BEING RAISED. UP SPOOKY COSMIC TWINKLING AMBIENCE FROM OUTSIDE*)

**VANSELL:** There, Doctor. Space. Satisfied?

**DOCTOR:** Oh, far from it. (*BEAT; ENRAPTURED*) A comet – eating its own tail. Two nebulae, locked together in an accelerated dance. A star, swallowing a star, swallowing a star. Constant motion! You're witnessing the life and death and life of an entire universe taking place in an ever-changing instant.

**ROMANA:** That was always the theory, Doctor. Our academics put it in slightly less florid terms.

**DOCTOR:** There. See it? There!

**VANSELL:** It's just a planetoid, Doctor – some blackened rock, hanging in the sky –

**DOCTOR:** Yes, yes – but what else? (*IMPATIENT*) Oh, come on!

(*BEAT*)

**ROMANA:** Of course.

**VANSELL:** Of course what?!?

**ROMANA:** The planetoid is static, Vansell. Don't you see? The only fixed point in this maelstrom – is there.

**DOCTOR:** Which suggests –

**ROMANA:** – that it doesn't belong here?

**DOCTOR:** A foreign body – just like us! (*BEAT*) Well, maybe. And if that's the case – whatever it is, it's not been consumed. I don't see any other safe location for a field trip, do you?

**ROMANA:** Conceded.

**VANSELL:** I ... see.

**DOCTOR:** And let's not forget – my TARDIS was dragged through into this place. My TARDIS, containing Charley –

**ROMANA:** Our only way out of this universe. The realisation hadn't escaped me. (*BEAT*) And if that planetoid is the only fixed point in the whole of Anti-Time ...

**DOCTOR:** ... then we would be mad not to head there, too. But more to the point, I daresay the TARDIS' displacement field would have kicked in as she passed through into this place – and she'd



have materialised on the nearest solid ground – there.

*(FX: A SMALL, TINNY, VERSION OF THE REGULAR, PULSING SOUND MADE BY LEVITH'S BEACON IN Sc. 20 IS HEARD)*

**VANSELL:** *(SMUGLY)* Well, Doctor. It seems your deductive powers are indeed correct – but sadly redundant. That is a trans-temporal beacon: Kurst and Levith, I'll be bound. Our sensors are not entirely useless. *(BEAT; STUDYING INSTRUMENTS – BLEEPs)* And yes ... it is indeed emanating from that particular planetoid you picked out ... as is the signature of a TARDIS – too scrambled to identify, but –

**DOCTOR:** *(DEFENSIVELY)* Well, I daresay the old girl took a fair old battering. She's getting on a bit, you know.

**ROMANA:** Then that's settled. *(BEAT; ALOUD, TO CREW)* To your posts, everyone. Under-Cardinal – set course for the planetoid!

## 22. EXT. THE WILDERNESS (PLAIN)

*(FX: BEACON PULSING)*

**LEVITH:** *(TO HERSELF)* Hurry, Vansell. How long are we going to have to wait?

**CHARLEY:** Vansell? Your boss?

**LEVITH:** Our superior.

**KURST:** *(FROM 20 FEET AWAY)* Levith! Levith! Over here!

*(GHARLEY AND KURST RAGE UP RIDGE)*

**LEVITH:** My stars. A forest!

**CHARLEY:** Don't be silly. Those aren't trees. They're ... spikes. Metal spikes, or something. Thousands of them. *(BEAT)* I'm going to have a closer look. Last one there's a big old witch!

**LEVITH:** Hey! Stop!

*(GHARLEY GIGGLES AS SHE RUSHES AWAY)*

**LEVITH:** Well, come on, Kurst! *(FX: THE PULSING OF THE BEACON STARTS TO DISTORT – SLIPPAGE MOTIF)* That girl's our-*(BEAT)* Wait. Wait! Something's wrong.

**KURST:** What?

**LEVITH:** The beacon! It's – malfunctioning. The pulses are out of synch. *(FX: SHAKES BEACON)* Work!

## 23. INT. TIME STATION (CONSOLE CHAMBER)

*(FX: ENGINES ROARING)*

**ROMANA:** Range, Under-Cardinal?

**UNDER-CARDINAL:** Landfall in eight microspans, Madam Pres –

**DOCTOR:** Sh sh sh! Listen! *(FX: BEACON'S PULSING HEARD DISTORTING)* Something's affecting the beacon down there. *(OMINOUS)* I know what that is!

**ROMANA:** Time distortion!

## 24. EXT. THE WILDERNESS (SPIKE FOREST)

*(FX: WIND PICKING UP AGAIN. SPOOKY)*

**CHARLEY:** *(RUNNING, LAUGHING, SHOUTING BEHIND)* Can't catch me! *(TRIPS, FALLS)*

Wah! *(BEAT)* Ow. *(TO HERSELF)* Careful, Charley don't want to skewer yourself on these great rusty spike trees. *(BEAT, SHOUTING BEHIND)* Levith! Kurst! I'm over here! *(TO HERSELF)* Fog coming down. Can't see where – Oh, if only the Doctor was here. He'd be bound to have Galileo's compass in his pocket, or something. *(SHE LAUGHS NERVOUSLY TO HERSELF ...)*

*(FX: ... AND HEARS A DISTORTED, ANTI-TIME ECHO OF HER LAUGHTER ABOUT TEN FEET AWAY)*

**CHARLEY:** What was that –?

*(FX: A RIPPLE OF ANTI-TIME LAUGHTER AGAIN; CLEARLY HER OWN)*

**CHARLEY:** *(ALOUD)* Is there somebody there? *(LOUDER)* I said, is there somebody there? *(BEAT; TO HERSELF)* Brr. Spooky. Haven't felt like this since I was –

*(A DISTORTED, ANTI-TIME VOICE: GHARLEY'S, BUT GOLDER, DEEPER)*

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** – six?

**CHARLEY:** *(SHRIEKS)* Aaah! *(BEAT; TO HERSELF)* Nothing there. There is nothing there. You're a grown-up now. So what do you do? You stay calm, retrace your steps, find the others -not sit here quivering, at the slightest sound just because it reminds you a bit of the time you were –

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** – six. You were six. Behind you, Charley. Don't be scared. Turn around. I won't hurt you. After three. One. Two.

**CHARLEY:** *(TO HERSELF)* This is madness. It's like I'm talking to myself – *(HER WORDS DIE AWAY AS SHE TURNS)*

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Three. There – that wasn't so hard, was it now?

**CHARLEY:** Y-you're me. Or a ghost of me. What –

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** I'm not you, Charley. But I know everything about you. I know about when you were six, about that time in Burnham Beeches. Such a long, lazy, late afternoon in the woods, running and laughing with Nanny, your brothers. Then you ran on ahead, and you hid in the bracken, and you waited and waited – but they never came. And it got darker and darker, and you called out for help, but they still never came. And the shadows got longer, so you called and you whooped and you shouted and cried. Then you ran, but you only went deeper and deeper into the woods – became more alone. And the shadows got longer and longer and longer, touching your heels. And you fell in a clearing, with no-one in sight. And you thought you were lost, that you'd never be found, and the shadows would reach you and take you away. *(BEAT)* Oh, Charley. I've been on your trail for such a long time. Where you led, I followed. From France to Sebastian Grayle's Wycombe estate...

**CHARLEY:** *(DESPAIRING)* Who ... are ... you?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Me? I'm everyone who never was –  
*(ANOTHER ANTI-TIME VOICE – MALE, TO RIGHT)*

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** – everyone who's never been –  
*(AND ANOTHER, FEMALE, TO LEFT)*

**ANTI-VOICE 2:** – everyone who never lived –

**CHARLEY:** More of you?!?

*(FX: A BABBLE OF SEVERAL MORE HISSING ANTI-VOICES)*

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** – everyone who never died –

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** – and now, Charley, you're mine.

**CHARLEY:** K-keep back, all of you! Please! Please! Noooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!!!

*(CUT TO KURST AND LEVITH, ABOUT A HUNDRED FEET AWAY)*

**KURST:** Did you hear that?!?

**LEVITH:** The girl! Come on!

*(BACK TO:)*

*(GHARLEY, STRUGGLING, CRYING. EXCITED SHRIEKS AND BABBLE FROM ANTI-PEOPLE)*

**CHARLEY:** Please! I don't know what you want! I don't know what to do!

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Oh, Charley. You don't have to do anything. Just hold still – and join us.

**CHARLEY:** Please!!!

*(CUT BACK TO:)*

**KURST:** There! She's there! Surrounded by – ghosts?

**LEVITH:** Whatever they are, let's see how they like – this!!!

*(FX: BURST OF STASER FIRE )*

*(SHRIEKS FROM ANTI-TIME PEOPLE)*

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** *(HISSING)* Time Lords!!!

**LEVITH:** *(SHOUTED)* Earth girl! Charley!!! While they're distracted – run!!!

*(FX: TWO MORE BURSTS OF STASER FIRE)*

*(BACK TO:)*

*(ANTI-PEOPLE SNARLING)*

**CHARLEY:** *(TO HERSELF)* You heard the woman, Charley. Get up and – RUN!!!

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Take them!!!

**LEVITH:** *(TO KURST)* Hold them off Kurst. I'm going to get her!

**KURST:** Levith! Levith wait! *(FX: FIRES STASER)* *(TO ANTI-PEOPLE)* Stay back ghosts!

*(CUT TO:)*

**CHARLEY:** *(RUNNING)* Can't – can't run any more...

*(FX: STASER BURST)*

**LEVITH:** *(TO ANTI-PEOPLE)* Back!!! *(TO CHARLEY)* Faster, girl, faster! This way – to the TARDIS!

*(CUT TO:)*

**KURST:** *(HOLLERED)* Levith! They're re-forming! Cut them down and they just start re-forming!

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** *(BESIDE HIM)* Do you really think you can do us harm, Time Lord – here, in our home?

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** You made us, Time Lord –

**ANTI-VOICE 2:** – here, we can unmake you.

**KURST:** W-what are you going to do to me?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** We know you, Kursteliaphaestyxsan. A Cousin of the Patrex House. Under-assassin with the Celestian Intervention Agency, fast-tracked from the Chancellery Guard. You keep a striped pig-bear called Staser-snout, and feed him Promaze bars.

**KURST:** H-how do you ...?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Has yours been a good life, Kursteliaphaestyxsan?

**KURST:** Don't touch me! Please, don't touch me!

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

## 25. EXT. THE WILDERNESS (PLAIN)

*(FX: PLAIN ATMOS. CHOPPY WINDS)*

*(FX: BRING UP PULSING BEACON)*

*(LEVITH AND CHARLEY, RUNNINIG. ANTI-PEOPLE SHOUTING BEHIND)*

**CHARLEY:** They're gaining on us!

**LEVITH:** Not far now, Charley! Nearly at the beacon! A minute more and we'll be in the TARDIS –

*(FX: CUE A GREAT RUMBLING, QUAKING IN THE GROUND)*

**CHARLEY:** Levith, watch out! The ground's giving way!

*(FX: RUMBLING GROUND. BEACON CRUNCHED – PULSE CUTS DEAD)*

**LEVITH:** Aaaah!

**CHARLEY:** It's alright, I've got you! *(BEAT)* Whew. Tell your mother I saved your life.

*(BEAT)*

**LEVITH:** Oh. Oh no. No no no.

**CHARLEY:** What is it? What's wrong?

**LEVITH:** The beacon – the TARDIS – they've gone. The ground cracked open and swallowed them!

## 26. INT. TIME STATION (CONSOLE CHAMBER)

*(FX: ENGINES. BEACON PULSE NOW THE SINGLE NOTE OF A FLATLINING LIFE SUPPORT MACHINE – 'BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE' – AND FADES)*

**VANSELL:** We've lost the beacon.

**DOCTOR:** What? Vansell, let me see! *(FX: ELECTRONIC BLIPS)* Nothing! Nothing!

**VANSELL:** Except the TARDIS signature. *(FX: A LOOPING 'SWISH', LIKE RADAR)* That's clearer now – no echo.

**DOCTOR:** No no, that's not right. I know my TARDIS better than anyone –

**ROMANA:** Doctor, Vansell – if you please. We're entering the atmosphere! *(BEAT)* Under-Cardinal –

settle into a high orbit.

**DOCTOR:** Belay that, Under-Cardinal! *(TO ROMANA)* Romana, there's a layer of mist obscuring the surface. We cannot trust the instrumentation – we have to go lower! *(BEAT)* If the beacon is down then Charley might be in trouble. And if Charley's in trouble, then so are we!

**VANSELL:** *(TO ROMANA)* An unnecessary risk, Madam President, founded as usual on baseless intuition and a flagrant disregard of the possible dangers –

**DOCTOR:** Oh, Vansell – there's no point in living if you can't live dangerously! *(BEAT; COYLY)* Under-Cardinal, if I could just –

**ROMANA:** Doctor, no!

*(FX: TWO BLEEPS – AND THE NOISE OF THE ENGINES ACCELERATES, THE TIME STATION DROPPING THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE)*

**DOCTOR:** Sorry, slip of the fingers ...

**VANSELL:** *(SHOUTING, TO CREWMAN)* Level up! Level up!

**DOCTOR:** Too late now!

## 27. EXT. THE WILDERNESS (PLAIN)

**LEVITH:** We're trapped!

*(FX: ANTI-TIME MUSIC. BABBLE OF SUDDENLY APPEARED ANTI-PEOPLE)*

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** This is nowhere, Time Lord –

**ANTI-VOICE 2:** Here, there's nowhere to run.

**LEVITH:** You again! Where did you spring from?

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** We move as we like.

**ANTI-VOICE 2:** Here, we are free.

**CHARLEY:** *(TO LEVITH)* We could always try leaping into the rift in the ground...

**LEVITH:** *(TO CHARLEY)* It's bottomless, Charley. Unless you're about to sprout wings –

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** Come to us.

**ANTI-VOICE 2:** Join us.

**CHARLEY:** *(SHOUTING)* Oh, Doctor – where are you!?!

*(FX: EXACTLY ON CUE, WE HEAR THE ROARING ENGINES OF THE TIME STATION IN THE SKY. COMMOTION AMONG ANTI-PEOPLE)*

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** What is this –

**LEVITH:** I – I don't believe it. The Time Station! They're coming!

**CHARLEY:** Coming straight for us, by the look of it.

*(ALARM AMONG ANTI-PEOPLE)*

**LEVITH:** The wraiths – they're scattering!

**CHARLEY:** It's going to crash! Don't just stand there gawping, woman – RUN!

## 28. INT. TIME STATION (CONSOLE CHAMBER)

*(FX: THE PLUMMETTING ENGINES STEADYING SLIGHTLY)*

**ROMANA:** Time Station steadying. Doctor, if you won't behave yourself I will have you restrained!

**DOCTOR:** Restrained? Me? Romana, I'm actually hurt. We've shared shackles everywhere from E-space to– *(SEEING SOMETHING BELOW)* There! There!!! People running, beside that crevasse! Is that Charley? *(BEAT)* Hang on, what's that beyond? A forest?

**VANSELL:** Detecting mass in our path. Density conforms with registered alloys...

**DOCTOR:** A metal forest? No such thing! I warned you about those sensors, Vansell...

**ROMANA:** *(SHOUTING)* Pull up now!

**DOCTOR:** Don't worry – we'll scrape the treetops at worst.

**VANSELL:** Impact imminent!

**ROMANA:** Doctor, I strongly advise you get dow-

*(FX: THE BASE OF THE TIME STATION SKIMMING THE BARBS OF THE METAL FOREST.)*

*WRENCHING AND TEARING OF METAL*)  
*(CRIES OF ALARM FROM EVERYONE)*

**DOCTOR:** Oh. Metal trees. My mistake.

*(FX: TREMENDOUS 'WHUMPS' AS THE TIME STATION'S BASE HITS GROUND, AND THE WHOLE THING SKIDS ACROSS THE SURFACE OF THE PLANETOID. ABSOLUTE BLOODY MAYHEM)*

## 29. EXT. THE WILDERNESS (PLAIN)

**LEVITH:** She's down!

**CHARLEY:** The Doctor! Come on!

**LEVITH:** Oh no. No, Charley! Charley, wait!

## 30. INT. TIME STATION (CONSOLE CHAMBER)

*(FX: SPARKS. STEAM. KLAXONS)*

**COMPUTER VOICE:** Emergency. Time Station damaged. Hull integrity compromised. All units on crisis standing. *(BEAT; THEN REPEAT)* Emergency. Time Station damaged. Hull integrity compromised. All units on cri- *(FX: SWITCH. WORDS DWINDLE AS COMPUTER IS DEACTIVATED)*

**ROMANA:** Yes, yes, I think we get the point. *(COUGHS ON SMOKE; SLIGHTLY BREATHLESS)* *(INTO INTERCOM)* Power deck – report! *(FX: STATIC THROUGH INTERCOM)* Temporal reactors – report! *(FX: MORE STATIC)*

**DOCTOR:** *(COUGHING)* I think now might be a good time to say 'sorry'. Sorry, everyone...

**ROMANA:** Spare me, Doctor. Catastrophe follows in your footsteps, just as it ever did. But perhaps you could now concentrate your efforts on not making a disaster out of this crisis? Thank you. *(BEAT)* Where's Vansell?

*(VANSELL MOANS)*

**DOCTOR:** Over here. *(BEAT; OVER-ENUNCIATING )* Vansell? Nosebung Vansell? It's the Doctor. That's right. You've taken a bit of a knock. Nothing to worry about, probably.

**VANSELL:** *(QUOTING, WOOZY)* 'Zagreus waits at the end of the world/For Zagreus is the end of the world/His time is the end of time/And his moment Time's undoing ...'

**DOCTOR:** Do you know, that's the third time today old Zagreus has come up. He seems ever-so well-connected for a silly villain in a minor nursery rhyme.

**ROMANA:** Later, Doctor. If you'll allow me? *(BEAT)*

*(ROMANA SLAPS VANSELL HARD ROUND THE FACE)*

**DOCTOR:** *(SYMPATHETIC)* Ouch.

**VANSELL:** *(ALERT AGAIN)* What? Where – ? *(BEAT)* What's happened here? Doctor, what have you done? *(FX: BRING UP TWINKLING, COSMIC EFFECTS; ANTI-TIME MUSIC)* Careless, irresponsible, untrustworthy lackwit! You should have been removed from our histor-

**ROMANA:** *(URGENT)* Quiet, Vansell! There's something in here with us. Something –

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** – unwanted, Madam President? *(LAUGHS)* Welcome to the land of the lost.

**VANSELL:** Where did that come from?

**DOCTOR:** Charley? No-you're not Charley. Some kind of spectral entity that's taken Charley's form...

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** A ghost? Doctor, you don't believe in ghosts.

**DOCTOR:** You're alive, then?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Not in your terms.

**VANSELL:** *(IMPATIENT, TO DOCTOR)* What is that thing?

**DOCTOR:** Isn't it obvious, Vansell? *(TO ANTI-CHARLEY)* You are a creature of Anti-Time.

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** A Never-person, if you please.

**DOCTOR:** You know us? All of us?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Intimately. I've visited your reality once or twice – but briefly, so as not to cause ... catastrophe.

**DOCTOR:** And there are more of you?

*(FX: A RUSH OF NOISE. MULTIPLE TWINKLING SOUNDS. MURMURS, WHISPERS AND RHUBARBING OF OTHER ANTI-PEOPLE)*

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Oh yes, Doctor. Hundreds. Thousands. Some you may recognise from your recent sojourn to 1806 – I do apologise but I needed some nourishment when I got there.

**DOCTOR:** I don't see any... *(SUDDENLY VERY QUIET:)* Lucy? Lucy and Richard Martin... of course, all that time energy, must've attracted you like a beacon. Oh Lucy, I'm so sorry...

**ROMANA:** *(ALOUD, TO ROOM)* Keep away from them, all of you!

**DOCTOR:** *(FASCINATED)* Tell me, Never-person – where do you come from? Is it here?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** An excellent question, Doctor.

*(BEAT)*

**DOCTOR:** Somewhere else, then. What do you want from us?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Why Doctor – we only want a little of your time. *(BEAT)* Brothers, sisters – the vessel is ours. This Time Rotor is cracked. Let us feast on it.

*(FX: EXULTANT ROAR FROM ANTI-PEOPLE. A SURGE. MULTIPLE SUCKING NOISES)*

**VANSELL:** *(WHISPERED)* What are they doing?

**DOCTOR:** *(WHISPERED)* Draining temporal energy from the rotor – from this ship. Fascinating! They're becoming less translucent, more solid!

**ROMANA:** *(TO ANTI-CHARLEY)* This Time Station is the property of the High Council of Gallifrey! I demand you... you people evacuate my craft!

*(ANGRY HISSES)*

**DOCTOR:** Careful, Romana. No need to antagonise them...

**VANSELL:** *(ALOUD)* That's quite enough. You guards – ready stasers and – FIRE!!!

*(FX: SEVERAL STASER BURSTS)*

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** *(LAUGHING)* Oh, Vansell. Don't be so silly. *(BEAT)* The thing that you seek lies not far from here.

*(BEAT)*

**VANSELL:** What thing, Anti-creature?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** The truth you came in search of, you foolish man. The truth about Zagreus.

**VANSELL:** *(AGHAST)* You know about Zagreus?

**DOCTOR:** Everyone seems to, today. Interesting, that.

**ROMANA:** Quiet, Doctor!

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** *(TO VANSELL)* There is a grotto in the hills not far away. There you will find the answers that you seek – and the object of your quest. *(BEAT)* Leave us to feed on your vessel – and go in search of the thing you came here for.

**VANSELL:** *(DECISIVE)* Guards, lower your weapons and follow me.

**ROMANA:** Stop! *(BEAT)* You over-reach your authority, Vansell!

**VANSELL:** And there is a higher authority than yours, Madam President! Guards!

**DOCTOR:** *(WHISPERED)* Romana, I have absolutely no idea what's going on here, but you can't possibly consider abandoning the Time Station to these creatures – it's our only way out of this place!

**ROMANA:** *(WHISPERED)* Firstly – if you could be bothered to keep up with the latest developments in our technology, you'd know that this ship has a limited ability to regenerate itself – given time. And secondly – we do still have your TARDIS, Doctor.

**DOCTOR:** *(WHISPERED)* Wherever she is.

**ROMANA:** *(WHISPERED)* And we have to find your friend. My mind is made up. *(ALOUD)* Guards – form an escort. Co-ordinator Vansell and myself have a great and important mission to carry out.

**VANSELL:** We do.

*(BEAT)*

**ROMANA:** Well, Doctor?

**DOCTOR:** Romana, this is madness!

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Go, Doctor. Go, all of you.

*(BEAT)*

**DOCTOR:** Well, whatever this great secret is, I only hope it's worth it.

**ROMANA:** Doctor, it will be. *(ALoud)* Guards – follow me!

*(FX: SLIDING DOORS)*

*(GUARDS, DOCTOR, ROMANA AND VANSELL TRAMP THROUGH)*

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** Can we not gorge ourselves on the Time Lords? All that temporal energy flowing through them...

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Not yet, brother. They cannot escape us – not here, not now. First we feast on their machine – and once we're filled to bursting with their time, then we can consume them all.

### 31. EXT. THE WILDERNESS (PLAIN)

*(FX: DISTANT CRACKLING FLAMES FROM TIME STATION)*

*(CHARLEY AND LEVITH, RUNNING)*

**LEVITH:** *(PANTING)* Slow down, Charley!

**CHARLEY:** It's still in one piece! They might need help! *(BEAT; THEN, EXULTANT)* DOCTOR!!!

*(CUT TO: JUST OUTSIDE TIME STATION)*

**DOCTOR:** So come on, Romana. What exactly have we come here for?

**ROMANA:** The source of Anti-Time, Doctor. And we've found it.

**DOCTOR:** I know that. But please, please – what else?

**CHARLEY:** *(SHOUTING, ABOUT 50 YARDS DISTANT)* Doctor!!! Whoo-hoo! Over here! Doctor!!!

**DOCTOR:** Charley! Romana, it's Charley! Charley, I'm coming!

*(RACES OFF)*

**VANSELL:** *(TO ROMANA, SARCASTIC)* Such devotion to his companion. Oh, how touching.

*(BEAT)* You know that if that 'Never-person' back there was correct – if the Books of Zagreus are proved to be true, and what we seek is indeed somewhere in this Anti-verse – then the Doctor will never approve.

**ROMANA:** The Doctor is full of surprises, Vansell. But his one abiding characteristic, whichever body he wears, whatever gibberish he speaks, however erratically he acts – is his unerring sense for what is right. I trust him, absolutely. And I always have.

**VANSELL:** And if he pits himself against you? Against the Time Lords? Against the thing we almost daren't believe might be here? Who will you place your trust in then, Madam President?

*(CUT TO: A FEW FEET AWAY)*

**CHARLEY:** Doctor! Oh Doctor – I was so afraid I'd never see you again!

**DOCTOR:** You don't get rid of me that easily! *(BEAT; INTIMATELY)* I told you, Charley – whatever it takes. I won't ever let you down, I promise. *(UP)* Come on – you have to meet Romana!

*(BEAT)* Romana, this is Charley, one of my best-ever friends. Charley, this is Romana, one of my best friends ever.

**CHARLEY:** *(SOURLY)* Hello.

**ROMANA:** *(AWKWARDLY)* Hello.

**DOCTOR:** *(OBLIVIOUS, EXUBERANT)* See – you're going to get along just famously! Now, who's this?

**CHARLEY:** Oh, this is Levith. She... helped me, I suppose.

**LEVITH:** Commander Levith. CIA.

**DOCTOR:** Never mind.

**LEVITH:** Co-ordinator ... Madam President. You should know – there are creatures here. We lost Kurst when we met them. They've vanished now, but they're dangerous –

**ROMANA:** Yes. The Never-people currently have control of the Time Station, Commander.

**DOCTOR:** Not the best news, is it? *(DISTRACTED, WALKING AWAY)* Hmm. Those spikes. I wonder ...

**VANSELL:** *(URGENT)* What about the local terrain, Levith? What have you seen?

**LEVITH:** It's weird, Co-ordinator. There's a crevasse opened up – and then there's this forest – and the blowholes we passed on the way here –

**VANSELL:** Blowholes?

**LEVITH:** Entrances or something, in the ridges an foothills.

**VANSELL:** Really.

*(CUT TO:)*

**CHARLEY:** So what do you make of this forest, Doctor?

**DOCTOR:** Mm. Interesting. These spikes – there's something about them. Nothing natural. It's almost like they've been manufactured, then beaten out of shape, twisted beyond recognition. Even the dust and the earth... this is metal ore, see?

**CHARLEY:** Like iron filings?

**DOCTOR:** That's it, exactly! *(BEAT)* Exactly...

*(FX: DEEP RUMBLE OF THUNDER; SPOTS OF RAIN)*

**CHARLEY:** Don't like the sound of that. *(SUDDENLY)* Yow!

**DOCTOR:** What's wrong, Charl – ow!

**CHARLEY:** Spots of rain.

**DOCTOR:** Acid rain.

**CHARLEY & DOCTOR:** *(TOGETHER)* Run!!!

*(FX: GUARDS 'YOWING' DISCONTENTEDLY IN BACKGROUND)*

**ROMANA:** *(SHOUTING FROM A FEW FEET AWAY)* Doctor! Charley! We have to take cover! Over here!

*(FX: RAIN GETS HARDER. MORE THUNDER. DOCTOR AND CHARLEY RUNNING OUT OF SCENE, 'OW'-ING AS THEY GO)*

### 32. INT. TUNNEL ENTRANCE

*(FX: CONTINUE RAIN, THUNDER EFFECTS OUTSIDE. HOLLOW AMBIENCE)*

*(DOCTOR AND CHARLEY RUNNING INTO TUNNEL; ROMANA, VANSELL, LEVITH AND GUARDS ALREADY THERE)*

**ROMANA:** Oh, do get a move on, Doctor!

**DOCTOR:** I know! I know! *(STOPS)* Whew. That stuff stings – and where I'm going to find a tailor to mend this jacket in the whole of Anti-Time, I don't know. *(BEAT)* You should get rid of that collar, Romana. It's hardly practical – and we're not standing on ceremony here.

**ROMANA:** Aren't we? *(MOVES OFF)*

**CHARLEY:** *(TO DOCTOR)* Is your Madam Icy-Drawers always so frosty?

**DOCTOR:** *(SCANDALISED)* What, Romana? No, not at all! But there's something here – something she's not telling me. Something big. Vansell's in on it, too – and that certainly bothers me. *(BEAT)* Tunnels.

**CHARLEY:** Blowholes, Levith said.

**DOCTOR:** No, too regular. Corridors, in fact. Leading left and right and straight ahead. *(LOST IN THOUGHT)* A network, forking off in all directions. There's light here, too. Dim light.

Phosphorecence? No, no, no...

**CHARLEY:** Is this a pattern, on the walls? See, like big ellipses? *(BEAT)* There's something it reminds me of, but I don't know what.

**DOCTOR:** Hm. More filings. More rust. More decay. This is a very odd place we've landed up in, Charley.

**LEVITH:** *(DISTANT)* Here! Over here!

*(COMMOTION AMONG GUARDS)*

**DOCTOR:** *(GRIM)* Come on.

### 33. INT. CAVERN

*(FX: HUGE SPACE. MASSIVE ECHO. CLATTERING FEET OF GUARDS)*



**LEVITH:** It's incredible!

**ROMANA:** Guards – spread out. (*SCHOOLMISTRESSY*) And don't touch anything. (*TO VANSELL*) Well, Vansell?

**VANSELL:** This is it.

**ROMANA:** Possibly.

**DOCTOR:** (*ENTERING*) Come on, come on, let us through! (*STOPS DEAD*) Well, I'm impressed! It's vast – not so much a cavern, more a –

**ROMANA:** – a chamber, Doctor.

**DOCTOR:** Yes, yes, that's it! A chamber! (*MOVING FORWARD*) And what's this at the heart of it, hm?

**CHARLEY:** Doctor, this doesn't make sense. We've not come deep enough underground to be in a space like – (*AND SOMETHING DAWNING ON HER*) Oh. Oh, Doctor, don't you see what this is?

**DOCTOR:** (*GRANDSTANDING, MOVING AROUND*) Yes, Charley, I think I do! Metal spikes, piercing the earth all around us, twisted and blasted, encrusted with rust and decay... Tunnels, corridors leading to a huge chambers and vaults, perhaps some even bigger than this... Everywhere, pitted circles in the walls... And now here, at the core of the thing, a massive stalactite, connecting a fluted ceiling to a broad, hexagonal dais... We're not on an asteroid, some natural satellite.

(*ACCUSINGLY, TO ROMANA AND VANSELL*) Are we, hm? (*BACK TO AWESTRUCK REVERIE*) This entire planetoid – this blasted lump of flotsam, spinning in the chaos of Anti-Time, this coal fallen from infinity's grate – the only fixed point in the whole of this swirling Anti-verse... it doesn't belong here. It came from outside the bounds of the maelstrom, from – from...

**ROMANA:** Our world, Doctor.

**DOCTOR:** Our world, exactly.

**CHARLEY:** (*SLOWLY*) We've not come deep enough underground to be in a space like this because... because it's bigger on the inside than –

**DOCTOR:** – bigger on the inside than the out! No stalactite, then. A console. (*BEAT*) This whole world... the shattered hulk of a fabulous machine, its dimensions ripped asunder, turned inside out, compacted, mapped onto itself... (*LOUD, ALMOST EXULTANT*) This – is the wreck – of a TARDIS!

**CHARLEY:** I don't believe this.

**DOCTOR:** Romana, Vansell – you knew, didn't you? You've known all along. (*SADLY*) Oh, Romana.

**ROMANA:** The possibility was accounted for. I'm sorry, Doctor – I didn't quite dare believe it myself.

**VANSELL:** You see, Doctor – the question is not that this place is the remnant of an abandoned TARDIS. The question is not even how it came to be here. No, the question is - who brought it here? Whose TARDIS was this? (*BEAT*) Madam President – if you would permit me the honour?

**ROMANA:** The stage is yours.

**VANSELL:** Guards. The neutron staff – quick. Now, Doctor – let's see if we can shed a little light on the mystery. Out of the way of the console! (*FX: SCRAPING OF METAL*) The power receptors are still intact. Opening flux valves – now.

(*FX: SPARKS. BLIPS AND BLEEPs. SHAKING. STEADY THRUM OF BUILDING POWER, EVOLVING INTO MAJESTIC TARDIS ATMOS*)

**DOCTOR:** Amazing – I never imagined –

**VANSELL:** Just a spark of life, Doctor. One spark... will be... enough!!!

(*FX: SUDDENLY, A 'FWIP!' TWINKLING SOUND*)

**CHARLEY:** (*STARTLED*) Aah! Above the console- there's something forming... A face – in the air!

**DOCTOR:** We call it a hologram, Charley. (*BEAT*) And I know that face. I saw it in the Matrix... An old man, eternally sad and infinitely wise ... (*SUBDUED, ALMOST HORRIFIED*) It can't be.

**VANSELL:** (*QUOTING*) 'There to do battle with Zagreus, the Beast/ Never resting as long as history is lasting/ Until either or both are laid to waste...'

**CHARLEY:** It's going to speak!

**ROMANA:** On your knees, Doctor – Miss Pollard. On your knees, all of you!

(*AND THE HOLOGRAM SPEAKS – SLIGHTLY DISTORTING, SHAKING, BUT STILL FILLING*)

*THE AIR WITH DEPTH AND RICHNESS... SOMETHING LIKE THE VOICE OF GOD)*

**OLD MAN:** It has been a time beyond measuring – here, alone in the cold, adrift and aloof from my people, my home. Once, my name was hailed and feared in equal measure by friends and enemies alike. Know, then, that I am Conqueror of Yssgaroth, Overpriest of Dronid, First Earl of Prydon, Patris of the Vortex, Ravager of the Void... and President of Gallifrey from the time of our empire's Great Foundation. I am the Lord Rassilon. At last, my children, you have returned to me.

(END OF PART TWO)

## PART THREE

(RECAP FROM:)

### 33. INT. CAVERN

**VANSELL:** Madam President – if you would permit me the honour?

**ROMANA:** The stage is yours.

**VANSELL:** Guards. The neutron staff – quick. Now, Doctor – let's see if we can shed a little light on the mystery. Out of the way of the console! (*FX: SCRAPING OF METAL*) The power receptors are still intact. Opening flux valves – now.

(*FX: SPARKS. BLIPS AND BLEEPS. SHAKING. STEADY THRUM OF BUILDING POWER, EVOLVING INTO MAJESTIC TARDIS ATMOS*)

**DOCTOR:** Amazing – I never imagined –

**VANSELL:** Just a spark of life, Doctor. One spark... will be... enough!!!

(*FX: SUDDENLY, A 'FWIP!' TWINKLING SOUND*)

**CHARLEY:** (*STARTLED*) Aah! Above the console- there's something forming... A face – in the air!

**DOCTOR:** We call it a hologram, Charley. (*BEAT*) And I know that face. I saw it in the Matrix... An old man, eternally sad and infinitely wise ... (*SUBDUED, ALMOST HORRIFIED*) It can't be.

**VANSELL:** (*QUOTING*) 'There to do battle with Zagreus, the Beast/ Never resting as long as history is lasting/ Until either or both are laid to waste...'

**CHARLEY:** It's going to speak!

**ROMANA:** On your knees, Doctor – Miss Pollard. On your knees, all of you!

(*AND THE HOLOGRAM SPEAKS – SLIGHTLY DISTORTING, SHAKING, BUT STILL FILLING THE AIR WITH DEPTH AND RICHNESS... SOMETHING LIKE THE VOICE OF GOD*)

**OLD MAN:** It has been a time beyond measuring – here, alone in the cold, adrift and aloof from my people, my home. Once, my name was hailed and feared in equal measure by friends and enemies alike. Know, then, that I am Conqueror of Yssgaroth, Overpriest of Drornid, First Earl of Prydon, Patris of the Vortex, Ravager of the Void... and President of Gallifrey from the time of our empire's Great Foundation. I am the Lord Rassilon. At last, my children, you have returned to me.

**DOCTOR:** (*TO ROMANA*) I don't understand. Rassilon died on Gallifrey millions of years ago. Romana, I've been inside his tomb!

**ROMANA:** Quiet, Doctor! There's more of the simulacrum!

**OLD MAN:** (*CONTINUING*) A long time past, I helped end centuries of tyranny and bloodshed on my home planet, helped to usher in a great age of enlightenment. With faithful counsel from the wisest of my technomagi, I locked the space/time continuum with the great Eye of Harmony. But, in my declining years, I grew fearful that by constructing the one true Time, I might have brought into being its very opposite. The menace of what I termed Anti-Time – a vile poison which might yet spill out to contaminate and undo all I have sought to achieve – filled me with horror and dread. I resolved to journey into the strange, uncharted fringes of space/time in search of my nemesis – and here, in this weird unreality, I found the neverworld of Zagreus, the corpus of chaos and no-when. I have battled this entity; it is dormant, docile now. My TARDIS shattered, my exit point shut, I am trapped in this place. But I leave this message in the hope that one day, my Time Lords will find a way to rescue me. My body, I have placed in a Zero Cabinet nearby, my life's breath suspended; if I live, my children, I should like you to revive me, and take me to Gallifrey... take me home.

(*FX: REVERSE 'FWIP!' AS THE HOLOGRAM DISAPPEARS THEN: A HUSH*)

**CHARLEY:** So... I take it that was someone important?

**DOCTOR:** That's putting it mildly, Charley. (*BEAT; TO HIMSELF*) This is all wrong...

**ROMANA:** (*TO EVERYONE*) You may stand. Well, Doctor. Now you know.

**DOCTOR:** Congratulations, Romana. You've discovered Rassilon. What do you call someone so powerful they rescue God?

**ROMANA:** There are no gods, Doctor – Rassilon least of all. Oh, we've given him the trappings of a god – sacred relics and recitals, myths of his achievements and creations. We even call him Father to our race. But he was just a man. A great and wise man – but a man, all the same. For millions of years, we've been busy venerating his name, garlanding him in glory – but how much do we actually know about him?

**DOCTOR:** Biographical information is thin on the ground, I'll admit, but –

**VANSELL:** So the great Doctor turns sceptic. Now I've heard it all!

**DOCTOR:** That's not the point, Vansell. We are in an environment we know next-to-nothing about – just conjecture and guesswork. There are ghost-like creatures back there – which we really don't know anything about – draining the Time Station dry. And now we find that the greatest of our heroes is not actually resting in peace in the Death Zone, but actually transported himself here I-don't-know-how in search of an I-don't-know-what called 'Zagreus'? (BEAT) Whew. Hasn't it been a long day?

**CHARLEY:** I think I understand who Rassilon was. But how did this lot know to find him here? And wasn't 'Zagreus' a character in a children's rhyme, or something? That's right – it came up in Singapore, remember?

**DOCTOR:** Oh, yes. *'Zagreus sits inside your head/Zagreus lives among the dead...'*

**VANSELL:** ...*'Zagreus sees you in your bed/ And eats you when you're sleeping.'* Miss Pollard asks good questions, Doctor.

**DOCTOR:** It's a nursery rhyme, Vansell – tea-time terror for Time Tots! It doesn't mean anything – does it?

**CHARLEY:** *'Ring-a-ring-a-roses.'*

**DOCTOR:** What?

**CHARLEY:** Oh, Doctor – you know. *'Ring-a-ring-a-roses/ A poket full of posies/A-tish-oo/A-tish-oo/We all fall down.'* (BEAT) It's about the Black Death, isn't it? Sneezing was a symptom of bubonic plague, and 'all fall down' means – well, dying.

**DOCTOR:** Charley, you're right! So how does the second verse go? Think, think! *'Zagreus at the end of days/Zagreus...'* (BEAT) No, it's gone.

**VANSELL:** Then let me refresh your straining memory, Doctor. *'Zagreus at the end of days/Zagreus lies all other ways/Zagreus comes when time's a maze...'*

**DOCTOR:** ...*'And all of history's weeping.'* Yes, of course! It could almost be a metaphor –

**VANSELL:** –for what's happening to the Web of Time, yes. Intriguing, then, that 'Zagreus' should figure in the literature of other worlds – as a parable on Sparbarus and Finniam 4; as an epic of the Jrxkrk-speaking peoples...

**DOCTOR:** Well, don't quote that. The consonants alone could keep us here for weeks.

**VANSELL:** (IGNORING HIM) ... and can be found in the Black Library of an Earth sect, the Knights of St John the Beheaded. Commander Levith here borrowed this 'Book of Zagreus' in Earth's twentieth century – but it is known to have existed as far back as the twelfth epoch, and possibly beyond. Levith?

**LEVITH:** Co-ordinator. (BEAT; CONTINUES STORY) The book tells of a great hero, an alchemist and warrior who has struck a deal with the Gods to establish a marvellous empire in the heavens; his people are contented and happy, living in an enlightened, benevolent Utopia. But at night, this hero dreams of a terrible being who will rise to overthrow his people; his mirror-opposite, who will exact as awful a disestablishment of the hero's empire as its building was miraculous.

**VANSELL:** (QUOTING) *'Zagreus waits at the end of the world/For Zagreus is the end of the world/His time is the end of time/ And his moment Time's undoing.'* Again, the parallel to the Web is quite remarkable.

**CHARLEY:** So what happens, to the hero?

**VANSELL:** He abandons his people. He builds a vast and mighty cosmic ship and goes in search of the land of Zagreus, a land he knows only to exist in dreams. (QUOTING) *'He set then his course/To a soar on the face of Creation/Where the stars lived and died in the churn of one night/And decay was the only true constant.'*

**LEVITH:** After many, many years, he is ready to give up his quest – when he imagines a huge gate in

the clouds: *(QUOTING)* 'And the gate of Zagreus opened before him/And all of the Anti-verse was revealed to him/And its terrible beauty ached in his hearts.'

**DOCTOR:** *(INTRIGUED)* Hearts plural? Really?

**VANSELL:** *(CONTINUING)* 'So through them he ventured/There to do battle with Zagreus, the Beast/Never resting as long as history is lasting/Until either or both are laid to waste.'

**DOCTOR:** ... and they all lived happily ever after, I suppose? I accept, there are a few circumstantial connections to be made, but the evidence is hardly compelling. So what else?

**ROMANA:** The name of the hero, Doctor, is 'Azalon' or sometimes 'Razlon'; in some traditions, simply 'Ra'. These folktales share one other element: before the hero leaves home in search of Zagreus, he orders all records of his quest destroyed, for fear of undermining his Utopia. His people believe him passed away.

**DOCTOR:** And you believed it. All of it.

**VANSELL:** It explained why the idea of Anti-Time has always been discredited or suppressed – an enduring legacy of Rassilon's lieutenants – but a possible congruence between these tales and the heresy of Anti-Time has been noted for centuries.

**ROMANA:** Only recently have our students been brave enough to break with the Great Curriculum, to open their eyes to newer fields – sharing their knowledge with other of the Temporal Powers.

**VANSELL:** – An undertaking which my Agency has been happy to assist. But imagine if the great Rassilon were to be returned to us – he who began the Intuitive Revelation, who established the Eye of Harmony and anchored the space/time vortex. How much could we achieve? How much further could the Time Lords go?

**DOCTOR:** Well, you'll forgive me for stating the blindingly obvious, Vansell, but the question is entirely academic for the moment.

**CHARLEY:** Why's that, Doctor?

**DOCTOR:** Where is he, Charley? Where's Rassilon? Where's the body?

### 34. EXT. THE WILDERNESS (PLAIN)

*(FX: HOWLING WINDS)*

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** The Time Lords are all gathered together, sister, in the cavern. Can we not absorb them now – now, while their saga is stalled and their histories ripe for consumption?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Stay your appetite, brother. Will we squander an eternal banquet for the sake of a moment's hunger? Satisfaction will be ours. There is a phrase, known by the Earth girl – 'just desserts'. The Time Lords will be our just desserts – not only now, but forever.

*(BEAT)* They procrastinate. It's time we intervened.

### 35. INT. CAVERN

**DOCTOR:** – but you're not listening to me, any of you! Our mythologies are not so widespread to have permeated the cultures of so many other worlds –

**ROMANA:** The legend of the Vampires did. There, Rassilon is cast in many guises: on Xerxes, as He-With-the-Bolts-of-Truth; on Earth, as Shandor, and Van ... something, too.

**DOCTOR:** Well, yes, there is that.

**VANSELL:** In the Outer Wastes, the curse of the Pythia is recounted in the saga of their She-Serpent...

**LEVITH:** In the witch-lore of Casseiopeia, she is known as the Countess Bathori, or Baphmet.

**ROMANA:** So why not? Why should the tale of Rassilon's true fate not have escaped Gallifrey – especially if it were proscribed?

**CHARLEY:** Romana does have a point, Doctor.

**DOCTOR:** I know, I know – it's just that I'm certain something's wrong, and I don't know quite what...

**LEVITH:** Why are we debating this?

**VANSELL:** Indeed. *(TO ROMANA)* Madam President, the proof lies inside a Zero Cabinet, somewhere within the bounds of this planet – or TARDIS, whatever.

**ROMANA:** Agreed. *(TO ALL)* We search, methodically – and find Rassilon's casket.

**DOCTOR:** If it exists.

*(FX: BURST OF TWINKLING, COSMIC EFFECTS; ANTI-TIME MUSIC)*

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Oh, Doctor. Of course the casket exists.

**DOCTOR:** You again! Have you been listening in?

**CHARLEY:** *(TO DOCTOR)* Doctor! Have you met that, that – thing with my face already?

**DOCTOR:** *(TO CHARLEY)* Oh yes. And I know enough to be wary of it.

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Well, Co-ordinator? Have you found what you came here for?

**VANSELL:** Only in part. Do you know where the casket is, Never- person?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** We do.

**DOCTOR:** I don't like the way this conversation is going...

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** We hold the casket. We wish to make an accommodation with you, for its return.

**ROMANA:** I'm sorry? Am I to take it you want to negotiate terms?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** We know you, Time Lords. We know the effect that our limited excursions into your reality has had upon your continuity. We know, if you could, you would eliminate us utterly. But your time gives us being. Would you deny us our right to exist?

**DOCTOR:** A very fair point. Romana?

**ROMANA:** Doctor, I can't. What their very existence might do to the Web of Time –it's incalculable! You saw the Matrix projection.

**DOCTOR:** But who's to say that's not one of a billion alternatives? You – I mean, we – we Time Lords are a pretty conservative bunch; the minds in the Matrix even more so. The slightest tremor in their web sets their senses jangling. Of course the Matrix is in turmoil!

**VANSELL:** As much as the sentiment sticks in my throat, Madam President, the Doctor is right. The least we can do is hear their terms.

**ROMANA:** I will not be rushed, Vansell!

**VANSELL:** And I will not stand by while our greatest hero languishes at the mercy of these creatures, while our very reality is imperilled! *(COLD, DELIBERATE)* Sometimes, Madam President, I don't think you've the hearts for this job.

**ROMANA:** Is this insurrection, Co-ordinator? Take care. Take great care!

**DOCTOR:** Calm down, both of you.

**VANSELL:** *(BURSTING WITH ANGER)* I will not be calm! We have held ourselves back too long, bound by caution, tradition and deference. We are a joke! We maintain the universe, oh yes – we preserve it in amber, its injustices uncorrected. Aggressors go unpunished in the name of mediation. Doctor, you placed the Daleks – the Daleks, the most evil, ruthless, coldly calculating race to have ever stained our history! – in a time loop. We could crush them, now, ensure that the torments they visit upon every peoples they encounter never occur again! But will we? Will we? We could work with our allies – the Monan Host, the Warpsmiths of Phaidon, humanity even – to build a consensus for progress across all the galaxies, to be a radical force for the advancement of a common good!

**ROMANA:** Have you quite finished?

**VANSELL:** I haven't begun! So come on, Madam President. The Daleks. What will you do? Will you let them go eventually? Will you? Of course you will. You don't have the imagination for anything else!

**ROMANA:** This is hardly the time or the place for such a debate.

**VANSELL:** Why not? Do we have to argue whether or not we should negotiate the return of the architect of our race – a progressive, a hero who was unafraid to reach out to the unknown to further not just the glory of his people, but the security of the people of the entire universe! Our reality is falling apart, and yet you vacillate while the one man who might have the wisdom and power to resolve this crisis is within your reach!

*(BEAT – BROKEN BY A SLOW HANDCLAP FROM THE DOCTOR)*

**DOCTOR:** Good speech, Vansell – a postcard from Planet Nosebung. A nice place to visit, but you

wouldn't want to live there.

**VANSELL:** I'll not take criticism from a deposed President a convicted criminal – a feckless joyrider whose misplaced sentimentality caused the Anti-Time breach in the first place! You should have paid dear for your countless offences by now. A strong leader would have ensured it!

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** (*BOOMING*) Enough! These are our terms. We will return to you the casket containing your hero, the great Rassilon, whose thoughts and deeds have passed into legend. We will also return to you your Time Station. In exchange we require only that you undertake to establish a dialogue between the peoples of our realities. We hope to abide by the laws of your universe, in exchange for limited freedom to trawl your time stream for the energies which give us meaning. We anticipate, therefore, the construction of a permanent gateway between our realities...

**DOCTOR:** What, using Charley as your back door? That's not on!

**CHARLEY:** Definitely not! (*ALMOST EMBARRASSED*) Well don't I have a say in the matter?

**ANTI-HARLEY:** (*CONTINUING, UNAFFECTED*) ... and so, as a show of good faith, we desire to retain one of your three leaders – the Madam President, the Co-ordinator, or the Doctor – who shall remain here in our universe, until such an accord can be reached.

**DOCTOR:** Yes yes yes, but what about Charley?

(*BEAT*)

**VANSELL:** "What about Charley?" What about her? The time she has now is stolen – pilfered on her behalf by you, Doctor.

**ROMANA:** That is a very unkind reading of Miss Pollard's predicament –

**VANSELL:** (*CUTTING IN*) – but an accurate one! (*BEAT*) There is every reason to suppose that Rassilon himself may yet find a solution to this conundrum. After all, we don't yet know how he entered this Antiverse in the first place. (*BEAT; TO ANTI-CHARLEY*) We accept your terms, Never-person.

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** You volunteer yourself to remain behind Co-ordinator?

(*BEAT*)

**VANSELL:** I do not. I nominate the Lady Romanadvoratrelundar, President of Gallifrey and all its dominions. One president – for our first President. A fair exchange. Levith – escort the Lady Romana.

**LEVITH:** With pleasure, Co-ordinator.

**ROMANA:** I would have stayed behind all the same, Vansell. My choice will not be made at staser-point.

**DOCTOR:** So this is what you wanted, Vansell. Staff a Time Station with your CIA placemen, take your President into another universe and pull off a bloodless coup, returning in glory as Rassilon's right-hand man – and chosen heir, perhaps? (*TO ANTI-CHARLEY*) Do not take this man at his word, Never-person. He is more interested in his own political gain than the well-being of your people!

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** I do not agree, Doctor. We have been observing the Co-ordinator. He is a principled and honest man, who believes in his oath of office. We trust him. (*BEAT*) The casket awaits you on the plain outside. You will all join me there.

(*FX: TWINKLING EFFECTS. THE ANTI-CHARLEY IS GONE*)

(*BEAT*)

**ROMANA:** I'm disappointed in you, Vansell. I judged you loyal.

**VANSELL:** Oh I am. To my planet. To my people. To Rassilon. But to you, my lady? I don't think so.

**CHARLEY:** Well, I think turncoats like you get what they deserve!

**VANSELL:** Levith, keep these three covered. And if Miss Pollard so much as squeaks again – be sure to kill the Doctor. (*BEAT*) Now, we have just arranged a meeting, let's go. Come on, then – move!

### 36. EXT. THE WILDERNESS (PLAIN)

(*FX: HOWLING WINDS*)

**VANSELL:** (*SHOUTING INTO THE AIR*) We are here, Never-people. Where are you? (*FX: TWINKLING COSMIC EFFECTS. ANTI-TIME MUSIC*) What – just you again? Where is the casket?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Patience, Co-ordinator. (*BEAT*)

**CHARLEY:** Doctor, is she communicating with the others – you know, with telepathy or something?

**DOCTOR:** Possibly, Charley, very possibly. (*WHISPERED, TO ROMANA*) Romana, whatever happens, don't give up. Keep the faith. There's a way out of all this – I know there is!

**ROMANA:** (*WHISPERED*) Doctor, one day you'll fail to keep one of your promises. It'll come as a terrible shock to you when it happens.

**VANSELL:** Stop gossiping, you two. We're waiting.

**ROMANA:** I'm ready. (*TO ANTI-CHARLEY*) What do you want with me, Never-person?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** You will cross to my position. The remainder will stay back.

**ROMANA:** Very well. (*BEAT/ FX: TEN FOOTSTEPS' SPACE*) Will this do?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** That will suffice.

**ROMANA:** (*SPONTANEOUSLY, ALOUD*) You know, you're wrong, Vansell. We Time Lords have a duty to all the people of the Universe, yes. But the Utopia you imagine is an anodyne and pointless paradise. How many things do you want us to set right? Do we intervene to ensure that no-one dies young? Do we change the course of history when someone's heart is broken? Do we remove all predators from the timeline, rewrite the rules of natural selection? The Universe can be a cruel and savage place-but a wild garden can be beautiful. You'd concrete the galaxy if you pricked your thumb on a rose. We guard the inevitability of events. Sometimes, the hardest thing is not to act; the hardest thing is to watch, and learn. And the joy of life is in living it, good and bad the same.

**VANSELL:** (*SHOUTED BACK*) Oh, spare us the sophistry, Madam President, and make way for someone with nerve! (*TO ANTI-GHARLEY*) Never-person – where is it? Where is the casket?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Why, beneath your feet, Co-ordinator.  
(*FX: A LOW RUMBLING IN THE EARTH...*)

**VANSELL:** What? Where-?

**DOCTOR:** Watch your step, Charley!

**CHARLEY:** Waah! This happened before, when the TARDIS disappeared!  
(*FX: ... THEN A FEARSOME CRACK! HISS OF STEAM . A CRACKLING SOUND. AND THE BABBLE OF MANY MORE ANTI-PEOPLE*)  
(*GASPS FROM GUARDS*)

**DOCTOR:** (*TO HIMSELF*) Oh how very theatrical. An anti-funeral – phantom pallbearers dragging the casket with them from the ground...

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Here is your hero, Co-ordinator.  
(*FX: A LOW CRACKLING FROM THE GASKET*)

**VANSELL:** (*REVERENT , TO GASKET*) My Lord Rassilon. I can sense your power already.

**DOCTOR:** Yes, there's some sort of aura about it. Strange.

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** We will take the Lady Romana now. Your passage will be unimpeded. We look forward to meeting you again.

**VANSELL:** (*DISTRACTED*) What? Oh yes, yes, of course.  
(*FX: TWINKLING. BABBLE OF ANTI-VOICES*)

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** You come with us now, lady –

**ANTI-VOICE 2:-** to the places underneath.

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** Join us –

**ANTI-VOICE 2:-** nourish us.

**ROMANA:** Oh, don't overdo it. I'm not frightened of yooooooooouuu –  
(*FX: ROMANA'S LAST WORD EXTENDED, WARPING WITH ANTI-TIME EFFECTS. REVERSING TWINKLE*)

**DOCTOR:** (*WHISPERED, TO GHARLEY*) She's dissipating with them, being pulled through the crack in the ground ... Charley?

**CHARLEY:** (*WHISPERED, TO DOCTOR*) Mm?

**DOCTOR:** (*WHISPERED, TO GHARLEY*) While the Time Lords are distracted, do you suppose it's worth trying to leap the crevasse?

**CHARLEY:** (*WHISPERED, TO DOCTOR*) Oh, I'm game if you are, Doctor. After three? One...

**DOCTOR:** (*WHISPERED, TO GHARLEY*) ... two ...



**CHARLEY:** *(ALoud)* ... three!! *(THEY BREAK FOR IT – BUT LEVITH GRABS GHARLEY)*

Aooww!

**LEVITH:** Don't even think it, Charley.

**CHARLEY:** *(STRUGGLING)* Get off me, you cow!

**DOCTOR:** *(MID-SPRINT)* Charley ...? *(THEN SLIPPING ON THE LIP OF THE CHASM, AND STEADYING HIM SELF)* Whoa!

*(FX: DIRT SLIPPING DOWN CHASM )*

**CHARLEY:** Doctor!

**DOCTOR:** *(BREATHLESS)* It's alright. Nearly lost my footing on the edge, that's all. Oh, put your stasers away, boys. I'll come quietleee – *(SLIPS AGAIN; GRABS RIM)* – unhhhl *(FX: MORE DIRT CASCADING)*

**VANSELL:** Why, Doctor, I do believe you're losing your grip.

**DOCTOR:** Very ... funny, Vansell. Come on, help me up. *(FX: MORE DIRT)* Waa!

**VANSELL:** Now why would I want to do that? After all, Doctor, 'it's not worth living if you can't live dangerously' – is it?

**DOCTOR:** Please, Vansell! I can't ... hold on ... much – *(FX: LOTS OF DURT)* – longerrrrrrrrr – *(HE FALLS)*

**CHARLEY:** Doctor!!!

**VANSELL:** Sorry-who? *(BEAT)* Keep a tight hold of the girl. You guards, take the casket. Gently! The Time Station isn't far. We're going home. The great Lord Rassilon is going home.

### 37. INT. TUNNEL

*(FX: ROMANA BEING MARCHED ALONG. TWINKLING EFFECTS OF ANTI-PEOPLE. SOME DISTANCE AWAY, AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL, THE NOISE OF A BAYING CROWD OF ANTI-PEOPLE)*

**ROMANA:** *(AGGRIEVED)* You don't have to chivvy me along with ... ectoplasm, or whatever it is you're composed of. I am here of my own accord.

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** You are here because we wanted you here, Madam President. Everything which has transpired in this place has happened because we wished it.

**ROMANA:** And what do you mean by that? *(BEAT)* I am President of Gallifrey and so far as I am concerned I am an honoured guest! *(BEAT)* What's that noise? Where are you taking me?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** To meet the rest of our people, Madam President. They have been so longing to meet you. Indeed, there is talk of nothing else in our world. There are many questions they wish to put to you.

**ROMANA:** What, like a diplomatic address?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** More in the sense of a trial. Continue...

### 38. INT. TIME STATION (CONSOLE CHAMBER)

*(FX: WHOOSHING OF DOORS. EGHOEY, QUIET)*

**CHARLEY:** This is your Time Station, Vansell? You should get the cleaners in.

**VANSELL:** The damage is only superficial ... and the power easily restored. *(FX: BLEEPS – AND THE FULL CONSOLE CHAMBER AMBIENCE HUMS BACK INTO LIFE)* See? *(ALoud)* Escort – bring the casket through! *(FX: FOUR GUARDS CARRY CRACKLING GASKET IN AND PLACE IT ON THE GROUND)* That's right, just there. Careful!

**CHARLEY:** Why don't you just open the box, Vansell? Let's hear what your precious Rassilon has got to say about your behaviour!

**VANSELL:** Quiet! The Lord Rassilon will be revived in controlled conditions on Gallifrey. Till then, there's no sense in risking his well – being.

**CHARLEY:** You've got no intention of making a treaty With the Anti-Time people, have you?

**VANSELL:** That will be for President Rassllon to decide. Me, personally – I'd gladly see the universe

rid of their filthy scourge.

*(BEAT)* Under-Cardinal! Power report!

**UNDER-CARDINAL:** *(FROM ABOVE, SOME WAY AWAY)* Time Rotor drained, but Artron fuel will have regenerated in mass in ... twenty microspans, Co-ordinator.

**VANSELL:** That's 'Acting President', if you please. *(BEAT)* Lev1th!

**LEVITH:** Yes, Co-ord– *(BITES TONGUE)* – I mean, Acting President, sir?

**VANSELL:** Order the proton accelerator delivered from the Engineering deck. Miss Pollard needs to be readied for her little ... transfiguration. *(ALoud, TO WHOLE ROOM)* I want this Time Station ready to launch in thirty microspans!

### 39. INT. TUNNEL

*(FX: DIRT FALLING. DOCTOR PICKING HIS WAY DOWN WALLS. CHINKING OF METAL)*

**DOCTOR:** *(TO HIMSELF)* ... hup ... hup ... hup ... *(FX: FEET ON FLOOR)* ... Oof! *(BEAT)* And relax, Doctor. Now, what do we have in this pocket, hmm? Oh dear... *(FX: DISCARDS TWO SMALL METAL OBJECTS – CLANG ON FLOOR. AS BEFORE, MUFFLED ANTI-CROWD NOISES FROM END OF TUNNEL)* Other pocket... ah ha! Excellent. I think I shall make this my First Law of Intergalactic Travel: you never know when a pair of Antarean Sensory Pitons might come in useful. Now. More tunnels. Hey, what's that? Sounds like quite a gathering... *(FX: FOOTSTEPS AWAY-AND INTO:)*

### 40. INT. GREAT CAVERN

*(FX: HUGE SPACE. THIS IS WHERE THE ANTI-CROWD NOISES HAVE BEEN COMING FROM – MUCH COSMIC TWINKLING. FADE UP VOICES: SOUND STILL SLIGHTLY DISTANT – AS IF THE LISTENER IS THE DOCTOR, PEERING INTO THE CAVERN)*

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Brothers, sisters – we have a visitor. The President Romana ruler of the planet Gallifrey!

*(FX SNEERING ANGRY ANTI-VOICES. UNDERTOW OF VIOLENCE)*

**DOCTOR:** *(TO HIMSELF, CLOSE TO MIC – AS IF THE LISTENER IS RIGHT NEXT TO HIM)*

There's hundreds of them! Thousands!

*(FX: NOW CONTINUE SCENE 'STRAIGHT')*

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Stand here, up on the basalt!

**ROMANA:** Thank you. So many of you. Am I honoured?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Two of our people are especially keen to meet you. *(TO TWO ANTI-PEOPLE)* Come on, come on!

**ANTI-VOICE 1 & ANTI-VOICE 8:** *(TOGETHER, AFFABLE, NEAR-JOVIAL)* Hello!

**ROMANA:** Er, hello. *(BEAT)* Sorry, I thought there was something you wanted to say to me...

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** Do you not know us, Romanadvoratrelundar?

**ANTI-VOICE 2:** Surely you remember? Oh, Romana, you must!

**ROMANA:** Sorry, no. *(BEAT)* I've never been inside this universe before – well, no-one has.

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** *(MOCKING?)* – except for your hero Lord Rassilon, of course.

**ROMANA:** Of course. But he didn't send me a postcard.

*(FX: RIPPLE OF RESTRAINED ANTI-PEOPLE LAUGHTER – GUT OFF)*

**ANTI-VOICE 2:** Oh, no, no, no! You really don't remember me, Romana? Oh, they said you'd grown cold and heartless – but I didn't believe them. And now I know it's true. *(SHE BEGINS TO SOB)*

**ROMANA:** Well, I'm sorry. I'm usually good with faces, but yours –

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Then let us put names to the faces. The girl's name is Laris; the boy is her brother, Korvan.

*(BEAT)*

**ROMANA:** No. Those names mean nothing to me.

**ANTI-VOICE 2:** *(WAILS PLAINTIVELY)* She doesn't remember, Korvan!

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** How could you be so beastly?

**ROMANA:** Oh, come on! This is getting ridiculous!

*(FX: GROWLS OF UNREST AND ANGER FROM CROWD)*

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** When you were a little girl, Lady Romana, no more than sixty years or so, your family would spend most summers in a rambling house on the shores of Lake Abydos. You used to go swimming with the singing fish; you collected zinc hawthorns from the molten rushes near the water's edge.

**ROMANA:** I did – yes. But how do you know – ? And just what has any of this got to do with you lot, anyway?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Quiet! *(BEAT)* Did you go alone, Lady Romana?

**ROMANA:** *(WITH HER LAST RESERVES OF PATIENCE)* Yes. I was an only child. I didn't have many friends. I was usually too worried about my tribiphysics marks.

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Oh, but you did have friends, my lady.

**ANTI-VOICE 2:** You had us!

**ROMANA:** Well, now you're just being silly. I know my own memories.

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** Then you'll remember the day we found the flurry-birds nesting in the old pavilion ... the time the hermit at the far side of the Ravos-burn chased us away with fire-sigils?

**ANTI-VOICE 2:** Oh, say you do, Romana – please?

**ROMANA:** No... no I do not... how can I?

**ANTI-VOICE 2:** But... but we were your friends. For years...

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Enough, Laris. Don't hurt yourself any more. *(BEAT)* Tell me, my lady – with your investiture into the highest office, were you not made privy to all of Gallifrey's most closely-guarded secrets?

**ROMANA:** Well, obviously.

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** The Jaskud Records? The War Perceptors? The Cavux Imperatives?

**ROMANA:** Yes, yes, yes ...

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** – plus, of course, the Oubliette of Eternity.

**ROMANA:** *(CAGEY)* Yes.

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** What is the Oubliette of Eternity, Madam President?

**ROMANA:** A disused chamber, deep in the heart of our largest off – world station –

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** The headquarters of the Celestial Intervention Agency. Could you tell me, Madam President, what this chamber was used for?

**ROMANA:** Dispersal – a barbaric punishment, long since abolished. Is this relevant?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Very. And what exactly did 'dispersal' entail?

**ROMANA:** It was reserved for those found guilty only of the highest treason against Gallifrey. Inside the chamber, offenders would be dissipated from history – their entire timeline erased, as if they had never... *(REALISATION DAWNING)*... existed.

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** And where, do you suppose, did these dispersed people go?

**ROMANA:** Nowhere... I mean, they'd never existed! There was nowhere for them to go!

*(FX: AN INTERRUPTION FROM THE BACK OF THE HALL. HUBBUB AMONG ANTI-PEOPLE)*

**DOCTOR:** *(LOUD)* Oh, but there was, Romana. Here! – They came here! *(TO HIMSELF)* It all makes sense, don't you see? A barren subdimension beyond the planes of our reality where the usual rules don't apply!

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Doctor! How good it is to see you! *(TO ANTI-PEOPLE)* Bring him here.

*(FX: MENACING HUBBUB)*

**DOCTOR:** It's alright, I'm coming, I'm coming. I've got no reason to hide.

**ROMANA:** *(UNPERTURBED)* You mean... all of you... all these thousands of you... once, you were Gallifreyans? Time-Lords even?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Banished from existence at the behest of the CIA. *(BEAT)* Biddulf here was a Chancellery Guard who got drunk on Malian Head Juice and babbled details of President Pandak's retinue. Savos beside him was the barman whose only crime was to listen to Biddulf's slurred nonsense. Both were dispersed here, their lives deleted and forgotten. Korvan and Laris were caught

accessing classified documents in a bid to discover how they were orphaned; they discovered that their parents, Majos and Tesla, were student rebels, dispersed for unlicensed and unsponsored researches into mutagenic breeding. Everyone here has a story to tell.

**ANTI-VOICE I:** And you forgot all about us. If we'd never existed, what was there to remember? But we remember. We remember you, Romana.

**DOCTOR:** Can I ask a question? You-the one with Charley's form. Who are you? Where did you come from?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** I wear the shape of the space-time breach as a badge, a symbol of our means of escape. On Gallifrey, my name was Sentris.

**DOCTOR:** And what was your crime? What did you do?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** My offences were many and terrible, Doctor. I was a cold killer, a ruthless murderer of innocents.

**DOCTOR:** Forgive me, but by the sounds of it you, at least, got something of what you deserved.

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Oh, I was never sentenced – or caught, even. I sent myself to the Oubliette of Infinity, dispersed myself into this screaming tumult. I was the two-hundred-and-seventeenth Coordinator of the CIA (*BEAT*) It seemed very rare, to authorise a dispersal. But when you cannot remember that the last person you had destroyed was ever alive at all – you go along with it. One day, I checked the records we kept in a time-protected vault. In just one year as the head of the Agency I found that I had approved the non-execution of over two hundred non-people. The shame was too much to bear. I destroyed myself. And came here, to find myself surrounded by my victims. They have despised me for an eternity, but I have promised to make amends – to give them their lives back. This I shall do.

*(AWKWARD PAUSE THEN THE HUBBUB RISES AGAIN)*

**ROMANA:***(OVER THIS AS THEY GET FRACTIONALLY LOUDER)* On behalf of the High Council of Time Lords, I tell you that I am desperately sorry for what has happened to you: to you, Biddulf and Saves; to you, Korvan and Laris; to all of you. And you, Sentris, I pity you, and, I hope one day you find peace. This was a terrible chapter in Gallifrey's history, and if there is some way to give you something back, then –

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** *(CUTTER SILENCE BEHIND THIS)* 'Was!' This 'was' a terrible chapter in Gallifrey's history? I pity you, Time Lady – I pity the act that our ranks swell by the day, that the number of us continues to grow – by the men who carry out their actions in your name, Madam President, in your sacred name!

**DOCTOR:** Are you saying that – that these 'dispersals' continue? Now?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Yes, Doctor. Yes, I am!

**ROMANA:** *(TO HERSELF, WITH UTTER FURY)* Vansell!

#### 41. INT. TIME STATION (CONSOLE CHAMBER)

*(FX: ENGINES BUILDING)*

**VANSELL:** *(NEXT TO CRACKLING CASKET, A BIT DISTANT)* Is the Time Rotor fully charged, Under-Cardinal?

**UNDER-CARDINAL:** Temporal reactors fully fuelled Acting President – sir!

**VANSELL:** Good, good... *(MURMURING TO CASKET)* Great Lord Rassilon. I am but your humblest servant. I live to carry out your every instruction. *(BEAT) (FX: CRACKLING 'RIPPLES')* What? What's that? Yes, yes – of course . . .

*(FX: SNAP OF VELCRO AS CHARLEY IS STRAPPED DOWN BY LEVITH)*

**LEVITH:** Don't fight the straps, Charley. Only one more transformation.

**CHARLEY:** *(STRUGGLING)* So you say. Levith, we can't just abandon Romana – or the Doctor, if he's still alive. What you're doing is treason!

*(FX: BLEEPS OF TECHNOLOGY – SEE Sc. 12)*

**LEVITH:** I'm carrying out my Acting President's instructions. And for what it's worth, I happen to think that what he's doing is right. Oh you wouldn't understand.

**CHARLEY:** I understand that your Acting President has flipped his lid! He's talking to the casket now!

**VANSELL:** (*DISTANT*) Is everything alright, Levith?

**LEVITH:** Nearly ready, sir!

**VANSELL:** Excellent. (*FX: A SLIGHT CRACKLING EFFECT ON HIS VOICE, BREAIUNG HIS WORDS. ANTI-TIME MUSIC*) Dematerialisation in thirteen microspans!

**CHARLEY:** Anti-Time! Did you hear that, Levith – did you? (*BEAT*) Vansell's been infected with Anti-Time!

## 42. INT. GREAT CAVERN

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Korvan, Laris – you may leave now. You know what you have to do.

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** Yes, Sentris.

**ANTI-VOICE 2:** Goodbye, Romana. We miss you.

(*FX: COSMIC TWINKLING; THEY DISAPPEAR*)

**ROMANA:** Goodbye – and I'm sorr – (*BEAT*) They've gone.

**DOCTOR:** Hm. So tell me, Sentris – is there no way back to Gallifrey, back through this Oubliette?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** It isn't a doorway, Doctor – just a crude, cruel device. But when you opened the breach, when you saved your friend Charley – oh, to swim in real time, Doctor! To exist! To be! That small, simple right – denied us by you, and all who follow Rassilon!

**ROMANA:** Rassilon? What do you have against Rassilon?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Rassilon! Ha! That paranoid despot, the architect of the Web of Time? The worm who denied free will to the people of the Universe, chained them to his Eye, bound them to one single reality? Who decreed that any threat to his great empire's sanctity should be dispersed from all time?

**ROMANA:** (*INCREDULOUS*) What, Rassilon built the Oubliette? Then that means –

**DOCTOR:** Oh yes! Rassilon created Anti-Time!

**ROMANA:** (*INSPIRED*) And he called it 'Zagreus'! He realised what he'd done, and transported himself here, to – to ... No, no. That can't be right, can it?

**DOCTOR:** No, it can't. Oh, Romana – don't you see? There's no such thing as 'Zagreus'! There never was!

**ROMANA:** No such th – (*BEAT; TO ANTI-CHARLEY, ANGRY*) Is this true?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Ah, the legend of Zagreus! What a fabulous invention, a marvellous conceit – whispered in the ears of the gullible on a hundred worlds, in a thousand different eras. An enticement – and you, Madam President, have been well and truly snared.

**DOCTOR:** See? I knew it was too good to be true. Let's think now: Gallifrey has been sealed off, ever since the time distortions began to warp the weft of reality – yes?

**ROMANA:** Yes, but –

**DOCTOR:** So how to persuade its masters to take a trip into Anti-Time? Why not invent a legend, a myth which no Time Lord could possibly ignore? The survival of Rassilon, say. All very clever – a story just obscure enough to be plausible, a murmur given to chroniclers on twelfth century Earth, on Xerxes, on Sparbarus and so many others; a folktale which we, ourselves, might have forgotten. And it spread, throughout the ages, being repeated, becoming distorted until finally it gets brought to Gallifrey as a children's nursery rhyme. Then everything is set for one small, judicious intervention, perhaps, to nudge the tale beneath the noses of the CIA. And what a temptation that would have been – the possibility that Rassilon himself might be alive. Of course Vansell swallowed it – baited, hooked and reeled in. (*TO ANTI-PEOPLE*) Am I right, or am I right, Sentris?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Close enough, Doctor.

**ROMANA:** But to what end? Why?

**DOCTOR:** Well, surely that's obvious. If the legend of Zagreus is a myth, then Rassilon still sleeps the sleep of the just in his Dark Tower, back in the Death Zone on Gallifrey.

**ROMANA:** So who was that man we saw, in the hologram?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** A trick of the light? A mere phantasm? (*FX: HER VOICE BEGINS TO WARP*)

*AND DISTORT, BECOMING THAT OF THE OLD MAN IN Sc. 33*) Or simply a projection of the thing you most desired –

**OLD MAN:** (*ANTI-CHARLEY*) (*MOCKING, COMPLETELY TRANSFORMED*) – a man with the wisdom of all the ages. A hero from the mistiest shores of our planet's history. 'Know, then, that I am Conqueror of Yssgaroth, Overpriest of Dromid, First Earl of Prydon, Patris of the Vortex...'

**DOCTOR:** Very good, very good. Who else do you do? I suppose the wrecked TARDIS was a false construction, too?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** (*WARPED BACK – A LINGER OF THE OLD MAN ON HER FIRST FEW WORDS*) Oh, my people include several TARDIS engineers – dissolved from history for sharing secrets with alien mechanics, or striving to over-ride Rassilon's Great Protocols. This whole world was fashioned from the debris of unlicensed time vessels, blasted out of continuity by your agents.

**DOCTOR:** Hm. All of which begs one final question ...

**ROMANA:** If that's not Rassilon in the casket ...

**DOCTOR:** ... what does it contain?

#### 43. INT. TIME STATION (CONSOLE CHAMBER)

(*FX : ENGINES BUILDING IN PITCH. BLEEPS AS LEVITH READIES EQUIPMENT, AS PER Sc. 12. )*

(*OVER, CHARLEY STRUGGLING WITH HER STRAPS*)

**VANSELL:** (*ALOUD, SLIGHT CRACKLE BREAKING UP HIS WORDS*) We dematerialise in six microspans! (*TO LEVITH, ODDLY DISTANT*) Is the girl nearly ready, Commander?

**LEVITH:** Yes, Acting President. Are you – are you quite sure you're alright?

**CHARLEY:** (*STRUGGLING*) Oh, listen to the sound of his voice, Levith – there's something wrong! Something in the casket's corrupted him!

**LEVITH:** Don't make this harder on yourself, Miss Polla – (*CORRECTING HERSELF*) – Charley. Don't make me pacify you.

**CHARLEY:** Levith, please!! (*FX: COSMIC TWINKLING. TWO ANTI-TIME PEOPLE ZAP INTO CHAMBER*) What – (*BEAT*) Never-people! They're here!

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** Acting President, may we witness the transfiguration?

**ANTI-VOICE 2:** Will you share your knowledge with us?

**VANSELL:** (*CRACKLE NOW VERY SEVERE, VOICE VERY DISTANT*) Yes, yes, of course. Of course. (*ALOUD, TO CREW*) There's no need for alarm. Everything's going according to plan.

**CHARLEY:** No...

#### 44. INT. GREAT CAVERN

**DOCTOR:** What are you planning, Sentris - you and your people?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Anti-Time cannot pass the transduction barriers which separate Gallifrey's continuity from the remainder of space-time. Your temporal locks are too strong.

**ROMANA:** Not one single atom can arrive on Gallifrey without authorisation, that's true – but –

**DOCTOR:** – but a Presidential vessel, especially one carrying the head of the Celestial Intervention Agency –

**ROMANA:** – need give no warning of its arrival; its signature will guarantee its conveyance automatically. What is in that casket? (*BEAT*) Tell me!

**DOCTOR:** Oh, I think we can make a pretty good guess, don't you? How about – a critical mass of raw and ravenous Anti-Time?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** The casket will detonate as the Time Station materialises inside the barriers. A vast flood of Anti-Time will wash over the Capitol, swamping it, infecting it...

**DOCTOR:** The Web of Time is already stretched at the seams. Gallifrey is the last bastion of positive time. All that maintains the constance of the Universe is the Eye of Harmony – and if that is contaminated...



## PART FOUR

(RECAP FROM:)

### 46. INT. GREAT CAVERN

**DOCTOR:** (*PASSIONATE*) I accept your grievance, Sentris – but this terrible revenge on the living cannot be justified! Maybe a compromise can be reached – the treaty you spoke of...

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** (*BLAZING*) There will be no treaty! (*BEAT*) Life is wasted on the living.

**DOCTOR:** I have to stop you, you do know that.

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** The Time Station is ready to launch. It cannot be stopped. And you, Doctor – your life has been rich. Your stories are many; your history has been filled to bursting. You have lived more life than we could ever dream possible. But now your time is up. The Lady Romana – her absorption will be satisfying only as an act of rightful vengeance. Yours will be an act of charity, a feast for our starving people. (*BEAT*) Brothers, sisters – consume them now!

(*FX: A RISING SWELL OF CHARGED, TWINKLING EFFECTS. ANTI-TIME MUSIC REACHES A CRESCENDO*)

**ANTI-PEOPLE:** We hunger  
We need you  
We want your time  
Give us your time

**ROMANA:** Get back, all of you! Get back!

**DOCTOR:** Please – no – don't do this! (*SCREAMS*)

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

### 47. INT. TIME STATION (CONSOLE CHAMBER)

(*FX: AS BEFORE. PULSING BEAM, RISING THRUM, CHARLEY SCREAMING*)

**LEVITH:** (*CRACKLING FX*) It's happening. The girl is changing!

(*FX: AND CUE CHARLEY'S TRANSMUTATION, AS IN Sc. 16*)

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** The gateway is open.

**ANTI-VOICE 2:** Vansell – we proceed!

**VANSELL:** (*CRACKLING FX*) Under-Cardinal! Are the breach co-ordinates locked?

**UNDER-CARDINAL:** (*CRACKLING FX*) Downloading ... now, Acting President!

(*FX: BURST OF CHITTERING DATA*)

**VANSELL:** (*CRACKLING FX*) Then set course for Gallifrey!

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** At last.

**ANTI-VOICE 2:** At last!

**UNDER-CARDINAL:** (*CRACKLING FX*) Course set!

**VANSELL:** (*CRACKLING FX*) Begin dematerialisation! (*FX: VAST PONDEROUS TIME ROTOR BEGINS TO VWORP*) (*BEAT; TO HIMSELF*) And so –

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** – we return!

**ANTI-VOICE 2:** Return!

(*FX: ... AND THE TIME ROTOR STALLS, SOUND DECAYING*)

**UNDER-CARDINAL:** (*CRACKLING FX*) Power ... failing, Acting President!

**VANSELL:** (*CRACKLING FX*) What?!?

**UNDER-CARDINAL:** (*CRACKLING FX*) Station static! Temporal reactors disengaged!

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** (*ROARING*) What is the –

**ANTI-VOICE 2:** – meaning-

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** – of this?!?

### 48. INT. GREAT CAVERN



**ANTI-VOICES:** Time  
Time  
Sweet time  
Give us your time

**DOCTOR:** (*GASPING*) Sentris – this is ... senseless! Please – ! You're hurting us!

**ROMANA:** (*GASPING*) They're killing us, Doctor!

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** (*TO ANTI-VOICES*) Stop!!! (*BEAT*) There is something ... wrong. (*EXHALES*)

**ROMANA:** (*WHISPERED, TO DOCTOR*) What's Sentris doing?

**DOCTOR:** (*WHISPERED, TO ROMANA*) Communing with Never-people elsewhere – we saw it earlier, remember? Hm. A problem with the Time Station, perhaps? Do you know, I think we've earned ourselves a last-minute reprieve!

**ROMANA:** (*WHISPERED, TO DOCTOR*) Let's hope so. It's us against the death of yesterday.

**DOCTOR:** (*WHISPERED, TO ROMANA*) Romana that's beautiful! What a time to discover poetry. (*BEAT; ALOUD, TO ANTI-CHARLEY*) Ah! You're back! Everything alright, Sentris? Can we get along with being murdered now?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** A fault has developed aboard the Time Stat–

**DOCTOR:** (*INTERRUPTING*) Oh, a fault has developed aboard the Time Station, has it? See, Romana – what did I tell you? And I suppose you want us to fix it for you, hm? Your luck's in, Sentris – the lady Romana and I just happen to be fully qualified quantum mechanics! No call-out charge, very competitive rates, references on request–

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Silence! We require the use of your TARDIS.

**DOCTOR:** My TARD– (*BEAT*) Oh, so you've been keeping my TARDIS, have you? Come on, come on – where is she?

(*FX: RUMBLING OF EARTH. SCRAPING OF WOOD. CRACKLING FX. ANTI-TIME PEOPLE MURMURING*)

**DOCTOR:** Ah, there she is! (*WALKING TOWARDS TARDIS BRISKLY, CROSS. TO ANTI-PEOPLE*) Get off her, you lot! Do you mind? (*ALOUD*) I suppose you've had all a good suck on her Time Rotor by now? She's a time and space machine, not a lollipop!

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Your vessel is undamaged.

**DOCTOR:** Saving her for pudding, I suppose. (*TO TARDIS, SOOTHING*) There, there, old girl. I won't let the nasty ghosts hurt you.

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** You will transport yourselves to the Time Station and use your machine to reinvigorate its Temporal Reactors.

**DOCTOR:** Well, I don't know. I might not have the jump leads. And if the fan belt's gone, pff – Romana, are you wearing tights?

**ROMANA:** (*REPROVINGLY*) That's enough banter, Doctor.

**DOCTOR:** (*DISAPPOINTED*) Is it? Oh. (*BEAT; TO ANTI-CHARLEY*) Well, Sentris? I suppose you'll be coming with us?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** I will. There will be no deviation from the actions I have outlined.

**DOCTOR:** I could refuse ...

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Your President is quite dispensable. She could die.

**ROMANA:** Then do it. (*BEAT; TO DOCTOR*) They're going to kill us anyway.

**DOCTOR:** (*REPROVINGLY*) That's as maybe, but no-one's dying on my account. Come on, Sentris. (*FX: TWINKLING SOUND – THEN WITH A 'FWISH', SENTRIS PASSES INTO TARDIS*) Will you please not dissipate like that? Kindly wait 'til I've opened the door and go through like a normal person!

**ROMANA:** Doctor, we're wasting time.

**DOCTOR:** I know. Good, isn't it? (*FX: TARDIS KEY IN LOCK, DOOR OPENS*) In you go, Romana. (*ALOUD, TO ANTI-PEOPLE*) Bye, all.

(*FX: DOOR SLAMS. DEMATERIALISATION BEGINS*)

**49. INT. TARDIS***(FX: TIME ROTOR IN MOTION. PRESSING BUTTONS)***DOCTOR:** Hmm. This is tricky ...**ROMANA:** What's the matter, Doctor?**DOCTOR:** The TARDIS doesn't like this – hopping about in space with no temporal ties. *(FX: MORE SWITCH-FLICKING)* She's blundering about in the dark, and any second now ... *(FX: TIME ROTOR COMES TO A GRINDING HALT)* Told you!**ANTI-CHARLEY:** If the machine malfunctions, then the President dies.**DOCTOR:** Just a hiccup. And I'll need the President under the console with me, Sentris ... unless you can make yourself corporeal long enough to pass me that Astro-Rectifier? You can't? Well, then. *(DISAPPEARS UNDER CONSOLE; SLIGHTLY MUFFLED)* Romana! Toolbox is over beside the gramophone!**ROMANA:** *(LOOKING ROUND)* Toolbox, toolbox – ahl *(FX: PICKS UP CLANKING TOOLBOX AND HOISTS IT OVER TO THE DOCTOR – BOTH NOW UNDER CONSOLE)* Call this proper equipment? Your Multi-Quantiscope's only got one head!**DOCTOR:** It only ever had one head!**ROMANA:** *(WHISPERED, TO DOCTOR)* Doctor, you stalled the TARDIS deliberately!**DOCTOR:** *(PRETENDING TO FIDDLE ABOUT BENEATH THE CONSOLE FOR THE MEANTIME)* *(ALOUD, SO SENTRIS CAN HEAR)* I mean, how many heads does a Multi-Quantiscope need? *(WHISPERED, TO ROMANA)* I needed time to think. Think, think, think ...**ROMANA:** *(ALOUD, SO SENTRIS CAN HEAR)* Well, one for uncoupling mergin nuts, obviously. *(WHISPERED, TO DOCTOR)* Don't worry, it's all in hand. Just get us up to the Time Station.**DOCTOR:** *(ALOUD)* Margin nuts? Oh, I use a Ganymede Driver on those. *(WHISPERED)* Am I to take it that you have a plan?**ROMANA:** *(ALOUD)* A Ganymede Driver? Oh no, a Multi-Quantiscope's what you need. Either that or a Demeter Uncoupler. *(WHISPERED)* Look, the Time Station can only pass Gallifrey's transduction barriers because it broadcasts my personal authorisation as its key – correct?**DOCTOR:** *(ALOUD)* Well, a Demeter Uncoupler will do fine for a two-gauge mergin nut, but anything above that, no. *(WHISPERED)* Of course! If we can change your authorisation code, the Time Station will be locked out of the Capitol! Romana, that's brilliant! *(FX: CLANKING OF MORE TOOLS. A COUPLE OF SPARKS)***ROMANA:** *(WHISPERED)* You don't get to be President of Gallifrey with a headful of turnips, you know. *(ALOUD)* Your Zeus Plugs are in a terrible state. And you've worn your Neutron Grips down to nothing! *(WHISPERED)* The signature's burned in, so I can't change the code from the Time Station – but if I can get to the Eighth Door, via the Matrix Chamber ...**DOCTOR:** *(ALOUD)* Well, you know what they say – a Neutron Grip is as a Neutron Grip does ... *(WHISPERED)* Yes, you can change the code from inside the Matrix!**ROMANA:** *(WHISPERED)* At least – in theory. *(ALOUD)* An Electron Crank? How quaint.**DOCTOR:** *(ALOUD)* You'd have me using one of those new-fangled Ion Grapples, I suppose?*(WHISPERED)* We just have to find a way to get you there. Hmm. I think an utterly transparent ploy is called for.**ANTI-CHARLEY:** *(ABOVE THEM)* Quickly, quickly!**DOCTOR:** *(GETTING UP FROM BENEATH CONSOLE)* Keep your halo on, Sentris! A good workman never blames his tools – and you'll find no fault with mine. Now.*(FX: FLICKS SWITCHES; TIME ROTOR BEGINS TO RISE AND FALL)* Normal service has been resumed!**ROMANA:** *(HAVING GOT UP)* *(INSINCERELY)* Oh, well done, Doctor!*(FX: TIME ROTOR VWORPS ON)***50. INT.TIME STATION (CONSOLE CHAMBER)***(FX: THE WHIRLING BREACH EFFECT REVERSING IN ON ITSELF AS CHARLEY*

*NORMALISES*)

**CHARLEY:** (*DEEP, SHUDDERING BREATHS; THEN, TO HERSELF*) I never want to go through that again as long as I live.

**VANSELL:** (*CRACKLING FX*) But, Miss Pollard – you'll have to. After all, we have to go through you to get back into our universe.

**CHARLEY:** What? We haven't ... ? We're not on ... ? Oh, no! Can't you just leave me alone?

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** You are a precious and fragile thing.

**ANTI-VOICE 2:** You will give us all our freedom back.

**CHARLEY:** But what about my freedom? What about me?

(*FX: TARDIS MATERIALISATION*)

**VANSELL:** (*CRACKLING FX*) Quiet, Miss Pollard. We have visitors.

**CHARLEY:** The TARDIS! But–

(*FX: MATERIALISATION COMPLETE. DOOR BANGS OPEN. DOCTOR, ROMANA AND ANTI-CHARLEY EMERGE*)

**DOCTOR:** Charley!

**CHARLEY:** I knew it! I knew you'd survive!

**VANSELL:** (*CRACKLING FX*) It's a very dreary habit, Doctor – cheating death. Someone will break that disposition, soon.

**DOCTOR:** Ah, Vansell! Enjoying your time as Despot-in-Waiting, are y– (*BEAT*) Vansell? What's wrong with your–

**ROMANA:** Levith, the Under-Cardinal, the whole crew – they're all the same!

**CHARLEY:** It's the casket, Doctor – something in there got to them!

**DOCTOR:** I imagine it did. Anti-Time infection doesn't suit your pasty face, Vansell. If you could only think straight, you'd see what you've enabled.

**VANSELL:** (*CRACKLING FX*) What I've –

**DOCTOR:** (*PERSUASIVELY*) That's not Rassilon in the casket, Vansell. Rassilon's dead. He was never there. Instead, you've brought into our universe a heaving mass of pure Anti-Time which is going to flood the whole of Gallifrey and disintegrate the Web of Time!

**VANSELL:** (*CRACKLING FX*) (*WEAKLY*) I – I'm not – (*ASSERTIVE*) You lie, Doctor. What we are doing is for the good of all Gallifrey.

**CHARLEY:** Is this true, Doctor? Is that what they're up to?

**DOCTOR:** It is, Charley – but I think Vansell's too far gone to care.

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Enough! Doctor, you will attend to your duties.

**DOCTOR:** Yes, yes, yes. You megalomaniacs are all the same – rush, rush, rush. Never put off today what you can put off tomorrow, I say!

**ROMANA:** Doctor, you're talking nonsense.

**DOCTOR:** More often than not. (*FX: HI-TECH BLIPS AND BLEEPs*) Well, the control panel shows a power drain across the board – but like I told you before, these sensors aren't much use in this reality. Ah! Here, look – your flux curves are all out of synch.

**ROMANA:** Indubitably.

**DOCTOR:** (*SUCKING HIS LIPS AND CLICKING HIS TONGUE, LIKE A COWBOY PLUMBER*) Oh dear oh dear oh dear. Don't like this. (*BEAT*) Alright, Sentris – I can fix it. (*SLOWLY AND DELIBERATELY*) But I'm going to need a bit of help...

**ROMANA:** (*EQUALLY PONDEROUS AND OVERDONE*) Oh. What sort of help would that be, Doctor?

**DOCTOR:** You passed in Temporal Engineering, didn't you, Romana?

**ROMANA:** Oh, just a small Triple Alpha.

**DOCTOR:** I need a qualified person in the Reactors, to reset the flux pattern as I set the Time Station's pulses into phase with the TARDIS. Do you think you can do that?

**ROMANA:** It's a piece of cake, Doctor.

**DOCTOR:** No, it's a particularly fine display of lateral logic – but it'll get the Time Station moving

again. Sentris – are we agreed? Romana can do my dirty work, down in the Reactors?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** This is ... acceptable.

**VANSELL:** (*CRACKLING FX*) Don't be so sure, my friend. The Doctor is a cunning retrograde, and the Lady Romana's no better. Send Levith as her escort.

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** No. Commander Levith will stay here, keeping the Doctor at staser-point. You, Vansell, will go with Romana.

**VANSELL:** (*CRACKLING FX*) Me –? But I'm the Acting President! (*BEAT; SEMI-ASSERTIVE*) Yes, yes, I see that I must ... Of course, yes.

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** My comrades here will escort both you and the Lady Romana.

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** Oh, Romana –

**ANTI-VOICE 2:** We're going on a little trip!

**ROMANA:** (*DRY*) Korvan and Laris. Splendid. Come along then. You too, Vansell.

(*MOVING OFF*)

**DOCTOR:** One moment, Madam President? (*BEAT*) I want you to have this.

**ROMANA:** Your sonic screwdriver? But –

**DOCTOR:** Oh, you may need it down there. Handy to have about, this old thing.

**ROMANA:** Yes, I remember.

**DOCTOR:** You will take good care of it?

**ROMANA:** I promise.

**DOCTOR:** Weren't you the one who told me not to make promises?

**ROMANA:** Only ones that can't be kept. (*BEAT*) Goodbye, Doctor.

(*LEAVES*)

(*FX: SWISHING OF DOORS*)

**DOCTOR:** (*TO HIMSELF*) Goodbye, Romana. (*BREATHES IN DEEPLY; THEN, ALOUD*) Well, then. Best set our noses to the grindstone. And please don't wave that weapon in my face, Levith – you're blocking all my light!

## 51. INT. TIME STATION (CORRIDOR)

**ROMANA:** Oh, do hurry up, Vansell! We don't want to keep our unalive friends waiting!

**VANSELL:** (*CRACKLING FX*) (*SLOWLY*) Unalive –?

**ROMANA:** You don't know? These Never-people are your victims – Time Lords blasted out of history at the CIA's behest!

**VANSELL:** (*CRACKLING FX*) No, no...

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** He cannot hear you. You waste time, Madam President.

**ANTI-VOICE 2:** And Time is too precious to squander.

**ROMANA:** That's strange, coming from people who have want to destroy Time itself.

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** Your Time is a prison –

**ANTI-VOICE 2:** You lock yourselves within it.

**ROMANA:** You don't believe that any more than I do, Laris. Your sense is so blunted by anger that you'd deprive the Universe of meaning. But you're right: if I've only got a few more microspans of purposeful existence remaining, I'm damned if I'm going to waste them trying to persuade you that bitterness has warped your reason. (*BEAT*) We're here. (*FX: BLEEPS. DOOR SLIDES OPEN.*) The Temporal Reactors. Are you coming, Vansell?

**VANSELL:** (*NO FX*) What? Yes, yes – Romana.

**ROMANA:** (*ENTERING REACTOR*) Good.

## 52. INT. TIME STATION (CONSOLE CHAMBER)

(*FX: BLIPS AND BREEPS. RISING THRUM*)

**DOCTOR:** There. The console chamber is now fully aligned to the TARDIS's power rhythms –

there'll be no more difficulties this end. We just have to wait for Romana.

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Excellent. You will now assist the Under-Cardinal. Hurry! Under-Cardinal – connect these Delta Leads to the Radial Socket on the Lord Rassilon's casket.

**UNDER-CARDINAL:** (*CRACKLING FX*) I will.

(*FX: CLUNKING OF RADIAL SOCKET. UP CRACKLING*)

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Now, Doctor – take the other end of the Delta Leads and wire them into the third panel on the Control Array.

**DOCTOR:** You ought to hire a handyman, Sentris. (*FX: HOISTS LEADS TO PANEL. BLEEPS - AND:*) Oh no you don't. Count me out. I'm not doing this!

**CHARLEY:** What's she want you to do, Doctor? (*STRUGGLING AGAINST STRAPS*) I can't – see!

**DOCTOR:** (*TO ANTI-CHARLEY*) You want someone to connect the casket to the Time Station's self-destruct mechanism, then find another pair of hands.

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Oh Doctor, don't be so ... prissy. Commander Levith! Is your staser charged?

**LEVITH:** (*CRACKLING FX*) It is.

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** I shall count to three. If the Doctor has not completed his task by the time I've finished, I want you to raise your staser –

**LEVITH:** (*CRACKLING FX*) – I understand –

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** – and blast yourself through the head. One. Two. Three–

**DOCTOR:** (*ANGRY*) Alright, Sentris, you've made your point! (*FX: CLUNKS. BEEPS*) Happy now?

**CHARLEY:** (*TO DOCTOR*) What's that done?

**DOCTOR:** That has ensured that as soon as the Time Station materialises in Gallifrey's internal ionosphere, the ship's self-destruct mechanism will begin a short countdown. It will be completed the very nanosecond the casket opens –

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Spreading Anti-Time fallout over the maximum possible area, corrupting all of Gallifrey before the Time Lords can marshal any kind of response.

**CHARLEY:** What – the Time Station will explode?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Miss Pollard, when I first tracked your form across space/time, I found your naivete engaging. Now, it begins to grate!

**CHARLEY:** That's charming, that is. Doctor, will you kindly tell this Sentris person to – (*BEAT*) Doctor?

**DOCTOR:** (*LOST TO HIMSELF*) Come on, Romana. What's going on?

### 53. INT. TIME STATION (TEMPORAL REACTORS)

(*FX: ROARING, LIKE A COSMIC FURNACE*)

**ROMANA:** You like to feast on Time, Korvan and Laris? Well, there you are – a cauldron of pure Chronoplasmic Energy.

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** It is ... awesome.

**ANTI-VOICE 2:** We hunger for it.

**ROMANA:** Mouthwatering, is it? I wouldn't get too close if I were you – one inch past that Zybanium Shield and even you will be atomised. Vansell – could I have your assistance? (*BEAT; THEN, WHISPERED*) Correct me if I'm wrong, 'Acting President' – but the casket's influence over you has waned, hasn't it?

**VANSELL:** I don't know – there's something wrong –

**ROMANA:** (*WHISPERED*) Careful! While Korvan and Laris are mesmerised by the Temporal Reactors – let's not give the game away. (*BEAT*) You've been infected by the Anti-Time in the casket. It's been influencing you, affecting your behaviour – maybe for even longer than you think. But its hold over you seems to decrease with distance. Are you listening to me?

**VANSELL:** (*WHISPERED*) Oh, my lady – I remember now! I think I have done some terrible things...

**ROMANA:** (*WHISPERED*) You have – and the purges you colluded in back on Gallifrey were only the beginning. So I ask you just this once – are you loyal? Come on, quick – the whole of reality may

hang on it!

*(BEAT)*

**VANSELL:** *(WHISPERED)* Madam, I will serve you until the stars decay and the cosmos is naught but a dying ember in eternity's fire.

**ROMANA:** *(DRILY)* Well, the next five minutes will do. *(WHISPERED)* I need a distraction – time to get to the Matrix Chamber, change the authorisation code of this ship before it materialises and destroys the Eye of Harmony. Now – *(FX: BLEEPs)* – if we can lower both these shutters simultaneously, our floaty friends there will be trapped between the shutters and the Reactors - and if I then raise the Zybanium Shields, they'll be exposed to the Reactors' cores. That should sort them out – at least, long enough for me to reach the next deck down. I need you to raise the other shutter, over there, exactly when I say – got it?

**VANSELL:** *(WHISPERED)* I understand. *(BEAT)* Will you ever forgive me? It's just –

**ROMANA:** *(HISSING, FRUSTRATED)* What?!?

**VANSELL:** *(WHISPERED)* You remember the Matrix Projection we saw? Of the possible future? We watched you – a different, strong, Imperial you – deciding the fate of the Daleks. You elected to collapse the time pocket they were trapped in, destroy them forever. Their Emperor was on the viewscreen. 'Have pity,' it croaked. *(FX: ON 'HAVE PITY', WE HEAR THE DALEK EMPEROR RUNNING OVER, IN TANDEM WITH VANSELL'S VOICE – DISTANCED, LIKE A FLASHBACK)*

And then you pressed the button, wiped them out, turned and said –

**ROMANA:** 'Does anyone else care to disagree with me?' *(FX : ON 'DOES ANYONE ELSE ... ', WE HEAR THE IMPERIATRIX ROMANA'S VOICE RUNNING OVER ROMANA'S LINE – DISTANCED, LIKE A FLASHBACK)* I remember.

**VANSELL:** *(WHISPERED)* You could have been so magnificent, so powerful – and yet –

**ROMANA:** *(WHISPERED)* I saw myself as a vile, twisted, hateful monster. And if you found that hideous distortion of everything that I am somehow admirable well, I feel very sorry for you, Vansell. *(BEAT; THEN IMPATIENT)* We'll deal with this later, shall we? For now – will you kindly go and lower the other shutter?

**VANSELL:** My lady. *(WALKS AWAY)*

**ANTI-VOICE 2:** Are you not finished?

**ROMANA:** Nearly Laris, nearly *(ACROSS ROOM, TO VANSELL)* Are you ready, Vansell? After three. One. Two. Three –

*(FX: BLEEPs; HUGE CLANGING OF ONE VAST METAL SHUTTER)*

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** What is this?!?

**ANTI-VOICE 2:** What is happening?

**VANSELL:** *(SLIGHTLY MUFFLED – BEHIND SHUTTER)*

*(PANICKED)*

My shutter – it's jammed! *(BEAT THEN QUITE CALM AND PROFESSIONAL)* I ... I am opening the Zybanium Shield, my lady.

**ROMANA:** Vansell, you can't! The shutter on your side's not down – you'll be exposed to the Reactor Cores!

**VANSELL:** I do this ... gladly. *(FX: BLEEPs)*

**ANTI-VOICE 1:** No, Vansell!!! Do not open the shield –!

*(FX: A VAST ROARING OF EXPLODED ENERGY, HEARD FROM BEHIND THE SHUTTER ON ROMANA'S SIDE. SCREAMS FROM BEHIND THE SHUTTER ON ROMANA'S SIDE. SCREAM FROM VANSELL AND BOTH THE ANTI-VOICES ARE DROWNED OUT)*

**ROMANA:** *(TO HERSELF)* Vansell? Vansell? I – *(BEAT)* – I won't waste the time that you've bought me. Must get to the Matrix Chamber!

*(FX: SHE RUNS)*

#### 54. INT. TIME STATION (CONSOLE CHAMBER)

**UNDER-CARDINAL:** *(CRACKLING FX)* Power surge in the Temporal Reactors, Sentris! The Time

Station is back on-line!

**ANTI-CRABLEY:** Good, Under-Cardinal! Prepare to – (*SUDDENLY STIFFENS*) Unnh! I sense that something is wrong. Korvan and Laris – they are gone from us!

**DOCTOR:** (*TO HIMSELF*) Well done, Romana!

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** – and the Co-ordinator too.

**DOCTOR:** Vansell? (*TO HIMSELF*) Poor old Nosebung. Shame.

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Quiet, Doctor! Under-Cardinal – can you follow the President's biorhythmic trace?

(*FX: LOOPING, RADAR-LIKE ELECTRONIC TRACE*)

**UNDER-CARDINAL:** (*CRACKLING FX*) The Lady Romana is currently ... in the lower deck, hearing for –

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** – the Matrix Chamber! Seal the doors!

**DOCTOR:** Oh, no you don't, Under-Cardinal! (*FX: PUNCH*)

**UNDER-CARDINAL:** (*CRACKLING FX*) Oof!

**DOCTOR:** Terribly sorry – don't know my own strength ...

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Levith – kill him!

(*FX: TWO STASER BLASTS*)

**DOCTOR:** Waah! Waah! (*BEAT*) Missed!

**LEVITH:** (*CRACKLING FX*) Doctor this is futile. You can't escape!

**DOCTOR:** Alright, alright, I'll come quietly. (*BEAT*) You can't shoot a man who's surrendered – its against the Genares Convention!

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Levith, seal the Matrix Chamber.

**LEVITH:** (*CRACKLING FX*) Confirmed.

(*FX: BLEEP*)

**COMPUTER VOICE:** Sealing Matrix Chamber. Closing all internal bulkheads ...

(*AND INTO:*)

## 55. INT. TIME STATION (MATRIX CHAMBER)

(*FX: FROM THE CORRIDOR JUST OUTSIDE THE CHAMBER, WE HEAR ROMANA'S RUNNING FOOTSTEPS*)

**COMPUTER VOICE:** (*IN CORRIDOR*) ... Repeat, sealing Matrix Chamber. Closing all internal bulkheads.

(*FX: ENORMOUS METAL CLANG*)

**ROMANA:** (*COMING TO A STOP*) Oh no! (*FX: SLAMS HANDS AGAINST METAL DOOR*) Too late! What am I going to do now? (*BEAT – THEN SHORT LAUGH*) Ha! The sonic screwdriver! Thank you, Doctor!

(*FX: SONIC SCREWDRIVER ON DOOR. DOOR MECHANISM REVERSES OPEN*)

**ROMANA:** Handy to have about, this old thing. (*STEPS THROUGH INTO MATRIX CHAMBER*)

Now ... (*FX: COUPLE OF BLEEPS. ELECTRONIC WHOOSH! OF MATRIX AS HEARD IN Sc. 9*) I only hope this works. Into the Matrix. Here ... I ... go ...

(*FX: HER VOICE ECHOES AS SHE DIVES INTO THE MATRIX, LIKE THE DOCTOR IN Sc. 9*)

## 56. INT. THE MATRIX

(*FX: STRANGE, ECHOING AMBIENCE, AS IN Sc. 1. A LOW MURMUR OF BEATEN VOICES – A BIT LIKE A GREGORIAN CHANT – RUMBLING DISTANTLY, LIKE THUNDER. A STRONG WIND, WHISTLING THROUGH THE SCENE*)

**MATRIX VOICES:** There is no alternative

There is no alternative

There is no alternative [*ETC*]

(*FX: WITH A WHOOSH!, ROMANA IS DUMPED ONTO THE 'GROUND'*)

**ROMANA:** *(TO HERSELF)* Aow! *(BEAT)* You might think, with the infinite resources at their disposal, one of our engineers would find a way to make entering the Matrix less – disrupting. *(ALOUD, AROUND)* Hello? Hello? This is President Romana! Is there anyone there? Can anyone hear me?

*(FX: UP VOICES, STILL CHANTING, GROWING CLOSER, MORE AUDIBLE)*

**MATRIX VOICES:** There is no alternative

**ROMANA:** *(TO HERSELF)* Data recorders! *(TO VOICES)* Hello? Hello? You must listen to me – it's of the utmost importance. The Web of Time is endangered! You – yes, you! I have to get a message to the High Council...

**MATRIX VOICE:** Zagreus comes. There is no alternative.

**ROMANA:** No, no! There's no such thing as Zagreus. I am your President – don't you remember me, any of you?

**MATRIX VOICES:** *(ECHOING AROUND AND AROUND)* Zagreus comes

No past

No present

No future

We cannot remember

Cannot remember

Cannot remember!!!

**ROMANA:** Somebody, please, just listen to me!!! *(BEAT; TO HERSELF)* This is hopeless. Oh, Doctor – this is hopeless!

## 57. INT. TIME STATION (CONSOLE CHAMBER)

**DOCTOR:** There you go, Sentris – the Time Station is all yours. No more silly attempts at sabotage-Solar Scout's honour!

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** And all to ensure the Lady Romana made it to the Matrix Chamber. I wonder why? Ah. Of course. She's going to try and change the Time Station's conveyance signature from inside the Matrix, isn't she?

**DOCTOR:** *(BASHFUL)* Well, er – could be ...

**LEVITH:** *(CRACKLING FX)* She cannot succeed, Doctor.

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** See? The Commander knows. Even if the President was able to find anyone sane to speak to within the Matrix...

**LEVITH:** *(CRACKLING FX)* ... no amendments can be made to transduction permits during a state of emergency, with no exemptions. This rule was only recently ratified at the behest of Celestial Intervention Agency Co-ordinator Vansell.

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Every possible contingency has been considered and planned for. *(BEAT)* Well, Doctor? Have you nothing to say?

**DOCTOR:** Well, at least Romana's safe in there. But otherwise ... *(BEAT)* Do you know, I suddenly feel terribly old.

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** You're beaten, Doctor, and you know it. *(BEAT)* Of course, there is one way you may yet thwart our ambitions ...

**DOCTOR:** You do like a good gloat, don't you, Sentris? Typical CIA.

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Oh, Doctor – don't dismiss it out of hand. I can't believe you haven't thought of it yet!

**CHARLEY:** Don't give up, Doctor! There's still a chance. *(BEAT)* I do know what she's talking about. You see, I've been thinking too.

**LEVITH:** *(CRACKLING FX)* Sentris, the Time Station is ready for flight. Shall I begin proton acceleration on the girl?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Not just yet, Levith! This is too fascinating to miss!

**CHARLEY:** It's me, isn't it, Doctor? Everything depends on me. So long as I'm alive, the breach in space/time has co-ordinates – and that's how they're going to travel through. But if those co-ordinates



weren't there – well, they'd all be stuck in this reality, wouldn't they?

**DOCTOR:** Charley, Charley, Charley – don't even think about it.

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Well, why not, Doctor? Miss Pollard indeed has a point. Commander Levith – place your staser on the ground, at the Doctor's feet.

**LEVITH:** (*CRACKLING FX*) Sentris, are you –?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Oh, I am sure. (*BEAT*) Go on, Doctor. Pick it up.

**DOCTOR:** This isn't a game, Sentris!

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** No. It isn't. It's a matter of life and death. The girl's life – against the death of the Web of Time which your entire civilisation was constructed to protect. Pick it up. There. That didn't hurt, did it?

**CHARLEY:** It's alright, Doctor. I'm not afraid. It's like I said in the TARDIS – my time is up! There is no alternative. (*BEAT*) Oh, Doctor – you rescued me from the R 101 ; you gave me these last few wonderful months. The things that I've seen, the places I've been – I've lived more than I could ever have dreamed of, and all thanks to you! And you're the sweetest, the kindest, most wonderful man I've ever met – an I'm sorry it's come to this and I'm sorry it has to end like this but if the Web of Time is destroyed then all the time I've had, everywhere I've been, all these fabulous, fantastic things we've done – they won't ever have happened at all! Don't let those times be taken away; don't let it all go to waste. I know it's an awful and terrible thing, but I want you to do it! Oh, Doctor – please do it, before it's too late!

**DOCTOR:** Charley, I – I can't. You're my friend and I love you. I can't look you in the eye and shoot you, no matter what!

**CHARLEY:** Doctor, I love you too and this is no way to say goodbye but please, please – (*BEAT*) Oh, what's wrong with you?!? You've saved the universe before – so do it again, the only way how!

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** That's right, Doctor. It won't take much. A quick burst of staser-fire and all these troubles will be over. And if your conscience pricks a little – well, it'll all have been in the noblest possible cause.

**CHARLEY:** (*BLAZING*) Oh, shut up, Sentris! (*BEAT*) You think we're alike, don't you? That's why you took my form. But we're not. We both died before our time – whether we should or we shouldn't, it just doesn't matter. The difference is, I'm grateful for every second that I've had. Charlotte Pollard, Edwardian Adventuress! We measure our lives in love, and I've loved every minute. But you, and all the lost boys and girls in your Never-Never Land – you're so fixated on what you might have missed out on, you've forgotten what living was like. I could get angry, too. I'm so scared, you know. But we're born into love, not anger – and love never dies, however brief our lives might be. (*BEAT*) Now, Doctor. Do it now.

(*BEAT*)

**DOCTOR:** I – I can't, Charley. I can't. I'm sorry.

(*FX: STASER CLATTERS TO FLOOR*)

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Pick up the staser, Levith.

**CHARLEY:** No!!! No, no, no, no, no! I don't want it to be like this!

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** And now, Levith – activate the breach. Open the gateway.

**LEVITH:** (*CRACKLING FX*) Yes, Sentris.

**CHARLEY:** (*SOBBING*) Goodbye, Doctor. I hope you know what you've doooooooooooooon–  
(*FX: AND CHARLEY'S VOICE TRANSMUTES INTO THE HUGE, VIBRATING WHIRL – AS PER Sc.16*)

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Fix and download the breach co-ordinates, Under- Cardinal! (*BEAT*) Well, Doctor. We have very few hands – just Levith, the Under-Cardinal and a handful of guards. Perhaps if you were to shoot all of them, then maybe the final outcome could be averted? But you won't. All hail the Doctor – the hero so squeamish he stood by while all that he loved was condemned to extinction!

**DOCTOR:** Sentris, you're not just evil and vindictive – you're confused. Once, you were so sickened by killing that you blasted yourself into this state. I won't destroy my friend, and I won't be ashamed of the fact! Can't you see what you're doing? You're going to unmake the lives of innumerable billions if you carry this out! Don't they matter? Don't innocents count?

**ANTY-CHARLEY:** The living? No. Don't judge me, Doctor. I'm just looking after my own – something you've proved yourself quite incapable of. You see, once in a while, you have to pick sides. And if you don't stand with your own kind, well – you're a traitor. So hang your head, Doctor – you've betrayed the whole Web of Time because you can't bear to bloody your hands. How does that feel?

*(BEAT)* Under- Cardinal! Is our course set for Gallifrey?

**UNDER-CARDINAL:** *(CRACKLING FX)* Course computed, Sentris!

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Then commence the final dematerialisation!

*(FX: THE VAST, PONDEROUS TIME ROTOR VWORPING)*

**DOCTOR:** *(TO HIMSELF)* 'The final dematerialisation' ... ? *(EXCITED)* Yes, yes – it'd work!

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Three point six-six microspans til– *(BEAT)* Doctor where do you think you're going?

**DOCTOR:** I, uh ... just thought I'd like to spend these last few minutes of reality alone in my TARDIS. Call it a last request?

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** I don't think so, Doctor. Levith – it's time to put the Doctor out of his misery. Raise your staser – and shoot him through both his bleeding hearts.

**LEVITH:** *(CRACKLING FX)* Yes, Sentris.

*(FX: TWO STASER BLASTS - BUT SIMULTANEOUSLY, WE HEAR THE TARDIS DOORS BANGING SHUT. A SPLIT-SECOND LATER IT DEMATERIALISES)*

**LEVITH:** *(CRACKLING FX)* He's gone.

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** It doesn't matter. We materialise in just two point eight-five microspans – and the Doctor can do nothing to prevent it!

## 58. INT. TARDIS

*(FX: TARDIS ATMOS. FURIOUS VWORPING. FRANTIC SWITCH-PULLING)*

**DOCTOR:** *(TO THE TARDIS)* Come on, come on old girl! Nearly there – nearly at the breach, and then – that's it, yes! *(BEAT)* Now: I can't pretend this next bit isn't going to hurt. I have to reconfigure your superstructure, and I can't do it gently. Brace yourself –

*(FX: LEVER. ROTOR SOUND EXTENDS, SHRIEKING – AND FREEZE)*

**DOCTOR:** What? You pick your moments, old girl – but not now! Please don't jam on me now!

**OLD MAN:** *(SUDDENLY APPEARED)* My friend, the mechanism is not at fault.

**DOCTOR:** *(CAUGHT UNAWARES)* You?!? It is you. Really you. *(BEAT; HARD)* My Lord, I am truly humbled – but I beg of you: do not intervene.

**OLD MAN:** Oh, Doctor. You should know better than to even suggest it. I have simply frozen us here – perhaps in your TARDIS perhaps, in your mind. Time marches on.

**DOCTOR:** It might not, soon. What you showed me, in the Matrix – the past and the future sacrificed to one single present – it could happen, now, unless ... well, unless I'm allowed to do what. I mean to do.

**OLD MAN:** Then this is surely a desperate hour. Tell me, Doctor. Tell me how all this has come to pass.

**DOCTOR:** My Lord – I don't have the time!

**OLD MAN:** You do now. You can humour an old, dead man, can you not?

**DOCTOR:** I – well, if you're sure. Where did it all begin? One night on Earth, I suppose, high above the English Channel. I was aboard a magnificent airship – a vessel they called the RI01. There was a boy, a steward, running towards me, running from someone – or something. But it wasn't a boy at all. It was a girl – Charlotte. Charlotte Pollard. Friends called her Charley, she said. *(FX: BEGIN TO FADE)* She told me I was the oddest man she'd ever met...

## 59. INT. TIME STATION (CONSOLE CHAMBER)

*(FX: ALL NOISES REACHING A FEVER PITCH)*

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** The breach! The breach! We ... are ... going ... through!

*(FX: HOLD. ECHO. FADE)*

## 60. INT. TARDIS

*(FADE UP)*

**DOCTOR:** I honestly believed that Grayle was behind the time disruption. That with his redemption, I need worry no longer. I meant every word I said to Charley. I should have known better.

**OLD MAN:** Indeed! And what else do you have to tell me?

**DOCTOR:** I think the rest of the story can speak for itself, my Lord. Let's just say, not long after we left Singapore, Charley and I discovered that our troubles were only just beginning, first with the Daleks and now ... *(BEAT)* now, it's come to this. I have to stop the Never-people from reaching Gallifrey, regardless of the consequences to myself.

**OLD MAN:** And you mean those words too?

**DOCTOR:** Absolutely.

**OLD MAN:** You have considered every alternative?

**DOCTOR:** I have.

*(BEAT)*

**OLD MAN:** Then I must let you continue.

**DOCTOR:** Thank you, my Lord. *(BEAT)* Before you go – might I just ask why you've – well, dropped in on me like this?

**OLD MAN:** Doctor. I told you. I wanted to know what led you here, to this – decision. But if your mind is made up, I cannot intervene. That causes me sorrow.

**DOCTOR:** Sorrow?

**OLD MAN:** I have watched you these many long years – I have seen you in all of your adventures, seen the many things you have done in the service of your beliefs. Some I can hardly be seen to approve of ...

**DOCTOR:** *(COY, BASHFUL)* Oh. Well. You know. Sometimes things don't work out quite the way you planned them.

**OLD MAN:** Indeed. But for the most part – Doctor, you have made me proud. You have enriched the lives of more people in more worlds than I suspect you will ever know. You have made a difference. And I come here simply to tell you that. Before everything is ended. Before it's too late.

**DOCTOR:** My Lord – you honour me.

**OLD MAN:** No, Doctor. You have honoured me. Farewell.

*(FX: SNAPS FINGERS –*

*FX: –AND BACK TO THE SHRIEKING TIME ROTOR, AS BEFORE)*

**DOCTOR:** *(TO HIMSELF)* Eh? Is it just me, or did something very odd just – *(BEAT)* Doesn't matter. Now, where was I? Ohhh yes ...

## 61. INT. TIME STATION (CONSOLE CHAMBER)

*(FX: VWORPING OF TIME ROTOR CALMS, STEADIES – CRWSING ATMOS ON ENGINES)*

**UNDER-CARDINAL:** *(CRACKLING FX)* We have transgressed the breach, Sentris!

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Then we have succeeded! Raise the observation ports!

*(FX: THRUMMING AS SHUTTERS ARE RAISED, AS IN Sc. 21)*

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** At last. At last, we have returned. *(BEAT)* Gallifrey, glittering beneath us, shining like a jewel ... and about to be shattered. Begin the sequence, Levith!

*(FX: BLEEPS)*

**LEVITH:** *(CRACKLING FX)* Commencing countdown, Sentris!

**COMPUTER VOICE:** Time Station self-destruct sequence initiated. Sequence complete in point four-five microspans.

**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Oh, my lord Rassilon – your yesterdays are over. Tomorrow belongs to me!

*(FX: CUE A VAST-SOUNDING MATERIALISATION, DISTENDED AND STRANGELY ECHOED –*

*THE DOCTOR'S TARDIS VWORPING AROUND THE WHOLE OF THE TIME STATION)***ANTI-CHARLEY:** What is this?!?**COMPUTER VOICE:** Sequence complete in point four-zero microspans.**UNDER-CARDINAL:** (*CRACKLING FX*) There's something around us, Sentris!**ANTI-CHARLEY:** (*DAZED*) Where – where's Gallifrey gone?*(FX: INTERCOM VREEPS INTO LIFE)***DOCTOR:** (*FUZZY, THROUGH INTERCOM*) TARDIS calling Time Station. TARDIS calling Time Station. Sentris, can you hear me?**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Doctor?!?**DOCTOR:** (*THROUGH INTERCOM*) It's that man again, Sentris! A you'll have observed, I've materialised my TARDIS around the Time Station. Yes, it's terribly tricky, and no, it's really not a good idea, and yes, she's bursting at the seams – but you didn't leave me any choice.**COMPUTER VOICE:** Sequence complete in point three-zero microspans.**DOCTOR:** (*THROUGH INTERCOM*) Point three-zero microspans? Oh dear. It'll take longer than that to abort the self-destruct.**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Doctor, if the Time Station detonates inside your TARDIS both you and it will be utterly annihilated!**DOCTOR:** (*THROUGH INTERCOM*) Oh, Sentris – this TARDIS is as tough as old boots. She'll contain the material inside your casket – at least, long enough for the Time Lords to deal with it. And Charley – well, when she restabilises, she should be safe too. So you see, there's only me to consider – and if dying's the price I pay, to save all of history, to save my friend ... Well, I've had fun all my lives. I can't complain.**COMPUTER VOICE:** Sequence complete in point one microspans. Point zero-nine. Point zero-eight. *(FX: COUNTDOWN CONTINUES OVER DIALOGUE. DUB VOICE TO FIT BACKWARDS FROM ZERO)* Point zero-seven [*ETC – TO 'POINT ZERO-ONE'*]**ANTI-CHARLEY:** Disconnect the casket! Disconnect the casket!!!**DOCTOR:** (*THROUGH INTERCOM*) Too late, Sentris! This is how it ends. And I'm sorry. But you know what they say ...*(BEAT)***DOCTOR:** (*THROUGH INTERCOM*) There is no alternative.**COMPUTER VOICE:** – Zero. Sequence complete.*(FX: A BLEEP. CLICK. WHIRR. A VAST INRUSHING, BUILDING AND BULDING IN SCALE AND PITCH AND TENOR, BULDING AND BULDING AND BULDING –)***ANTI-CHARLEY:** No! No! Nooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo*(FX: BANG – ECHO OVER AND OVER AND OVER – AND FADE TO NOTHING)***62. INT. THE MATRIX***(FX: AS Sc. 1. FADE UP INCOMPREHENSIBLE BABBLE OF HUNDREDS OF VOICES. BRING UP ROMANA )***ROMANA:** (*TO HERSELF*) Everything's – normal. What's happening? What's going on?**VOICE 1:** (*CUTTING IN, AS Sc. 1*) Humanian Era. Earth. October the fifth, 1930. Airship R 101 crashes in France. Charlotte Pollard escapes the flames.**ROMANA:** (*TO HERSELF*) They're recording these events in the Matrix! (*TO VOICES*) No, no! There must be some mistake –**VOICE 2:** The Vortex. Indeterminate vectors. Charlotte Pollard's survival causes a transdimensional breach. Anti-Time forces flood through.**ROMANA:** This isn't right! This isn't how it was supposed to be!**VOICE 3:** Rassilon Era. Gallifrey. 6978 point three. Manipulated by Anti-Time incursions, President Romana authorises a mission beyond the limits of the Vortex, through the space/time breach.**ROMANA:** These things should never have happened!**VOICE 2:** Indeterminate vectors. Anti-Time forces plot to destroy the Eye of Harmony.

**ROMANA:** Unless – *(BEAT; MOURNFUL)* Oh no.

**VOICE 3:** Rassilon Era. Gallifrey. 6798 point five. Their efforts are foiled when the Time Lord known only as the Doctor materialises his TARDIS around the casket of Anti-Time intended to destroy the Eye.

**VOICES 1, 2 & 3:** *(TOGETHER)* We remember this history. We remember it well.

**ROMANA:** Then all that's happened ... all that's occurred ... it's all part of the Web of Time now?

Oh, brilliant. Just brilliant! The very fact of history's unravelling becomes part of its continuation.

*(BEAT)* Oh Doctor. You did it. You finally did it. It took you nine hundred years, but sooner or later you had to make one last, glorious gesture too many. And you saved Time itself by beating history at its own game. But history will remember you. The Time Lords will remember you. And I will never, ever forget you – objectionable irrational block-headed impetuous ... *(BEAT)* ... magnificent you.

*(DEEP, SHUDDERING INTAKE OF BREATH)* So. What happened next?

**OLD MAN:** *(FROM NOWHERE)* Daughter of Time, you should know better than to ask.

**ROMANA:** Sorry, wha– *(BEAT)* You! 'An old man – eternally sad and infinitely wise.' The Doctor said he'd seen you in the Matrix... my Lord.

**OLD MAN:** Ah, the Doctor. A favourite son. He saved his friend whatever the cost – but the price he paid was terrible indeed.

**ROMANA:** Then Miss Pollard – Charley – lived?

**OLD MAN:** She did. When the breach was sealed for the last time she was reconstituted in the Doctor's TARDIS – the paradox of her survival resolved forever. Because if history's web was saved by the very fact of her existence, then the very fact of her existence cannot have imperilled it at all.

**ROMANA:** A paradox!

**OLD MAN:** Which we can surely all live with. This will be but the first of the many challenges which face you, Madam President, throughout the fullness of your reign.

**ROMANA:** My reign –? Then I can return to Gallifrey?

*(SUSPICIOUS)* This is cheating, surely?

**OLD MAN:** Were you to attempt to return through the Matrix door you entered, you would most certainly be destroyed. But there is more than one way out of the dreamscape ... to those whom the Matrix favours. The choice is yours, Madam President.

*(BEAT)*

**ROMANA:** I think ... I hope I still have much to offer the people of Gallifrey, especially after today.

**OLD MAN:** Then it is our wish you should continue in her stewardship.

*(FX: A 'WHOOSH!' TINKLING SOUND)*

**ROMANA:** A doorway!

**OLD MAN:** Go with our blessing, Daughter of Time.

**ROMANA:** I – thank you, my Lord. The first thing I will do is rescue Miss Pollard, find a space for her in history's pages.

**OLD MAN:** Miss Pollard? Oh, her story is not quite finished. In fact it's only just beginning. As the next chapter unfolds – and a dark and terrible chapter it is – I trust you to play your part, Romana, with all the wisdom and passion you have displayed today.

**ROMANA:** The next chapter? What do you mean? What's going to – *(BEAT)* Sorry, my Lord. I didn't mean to –

**OLD MAN:** *(LAUGHING)* If you do not wish to remain, I cannot grant you that knowledge.

**ROMANA:** Of course. I'll just have to take it – well, one day at a time.

**OLD MAN:** Go, Madam President. Go into the future.

**ROMANA:** I will. *(BEAT)* My Lord.

*(FX: A FEW OF ROMANA'S FOOTSTEPS – AND, WITH A 'WHOOSH!', SHE IS GONE)*

**OLD MAN:** Farewell, daughter. We wish you well ... *(WALKING AWAY, QUOTING TO HIMSELF)* '... for Zagreus waits at the end of the world/And Zagreus is the end of the world/His time is the end of Time/And his moment, Time's undoing ...'

## 63. INT. TARDIS

*(FX: VAST, BARREN, STONE-WALLED ATMOS. FAINT GRACKLES AND HISSES OF EXPENDED ANTI-TIME ENERGY – LIKE ON RASSILON'S CASKET)*

**CHARLEY:** Hello? Hello? Is anyone there? Oh, Doctor – are you there?

*(DISTANT SHUFFLING, COUGHING: THE DOCTOR)*

**CHARLEY:** Doctor? Doctor, is that you? It's so dark and cold in here, I can hardly –

**DOCTOR:** *(HISSING)* Keep away!

**CHARLEY:** Doctor! Doctor – it is you! Is this the TARDIS? I mean, what's happened? It's all been like a dream – I found myself here, when I was last in the Time Station with those awful Never-people and –

*(THE DOCTOR HAS A SMALL, RACKING COUGHING FIT)*

**CHARLEY:** Oh Doctor – come on, let me help you –

**DOCTOR:** *(ANGRY)* I said – keep away!

**CHARLEY:** Oh! *(BEAT)* Doctor – what's wrong? Have you been injured, or something?

**DOCTOR:** Injured? No, I have not been injured. This TARDIS contained all of the Time Station when it exploded. This ship was filled to bursting with a great mass of the fiercest, fizzing, energy –

**CHARLEY:** What, Anti-Time?

**DOCTOR:** A crude term for such matter of life ... and death. But now that the breach is resolved – now that the problem of you is resolved – well, all that remains of that stuff in this whole reality is held ... in here.

**CHARLEY:** What, in the TARDIS?

**DOCTOR:** *(CHUCKLING EVILLY – HINT OF CRACKLING FX ON HIS VOICE)* No. In ... here.

**CHARLEY:** Y– you're scaring me now. Stop it, Doctor, please –

**DOCTOR:** *(RISING CRACKLING FX)* 'Doctor'? 'Doctor'? I hold the last vestiges of the most awesome power ever imagined. Imagined – yes! How much better if I should take my title from a work of imagination – a creature willed to power by the undying anger of an unreal race!

**CHARLEY:** Doctor, I haven't got the faintest idea what you're on about but I really think you need help so if you'll just let me –

*(FX: THE DOCTOR KNOCKS HER TO THE GROUND)*

**DOCTOR:** Yaaaa!

**CHARLEY:** Aaaaah! *(BEAT)* *(SHOCKED, FRIGHTENED)* Doctor – Doctor, what's wrong with you?

**DOCTOR:** *(CRACKLING FX)* I told you, girl – *(BELLOWED)* I ... AM ... NOT ... THE DOCTOR!!! *(BEAT)* I am become he who sits inside your head ... he who lives among the dead ... he who sees you in your bed ... and eats you when you're sleeping. *(BEAT)* I ... am become ... ZAGREUS!!!

*(FX: HOLD. ECHO)*

(END)